

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

H.M.S. "Brilliant" (Cruiser), with the last Batch of Mails, meeting the Fleet after its Departure from Berehaven.



Commanding Officers of Battle-Ships and Cruisers of the Reserve Squadron coming on Board Rear-Admiral Pearson's Flag-Ship, the "Sanspareil," in Berehaven Harbour, to receive Instructions before the Squadron Sails.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—[Drawn by our Special Artist with the Reserve Fleet, Mr. C. J. de Lacy.]

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, we are told, has established a smoking-room at Lambeth for those of his guests who enjoy the social weed. If it were only as a reproof to the rancour of the Anti-Tobacco Society, this would be a credit to him; it is pleasant to see any man in these days with the courage of his opinions, and unmoved by the attacks of ignorance and presumption. And how some of his episcopal guests will appreciate it! The pleasantest Bishop I ever met, an American one, complained bitterly of the want of consideration among the Anglican brethren in this respect. They were hospitable enough, he admitted; but what was the use of a meat-offering and a drink-offering without a smoke-offering? "There was none at C., there was none at D.; nay, even at Lambeth, Sir, there was no tobacco." I never saw a man—at least with a cigar in his mouth—exhibit such noble indignation.

The effect of smoking is utterly misunderstood by its opponents, who plume themselves, indeed, on knowing nothing about it. It induces gentle and great thoughts, like the "dim religious light" of a cathedral. So old an authority as Gamble (in his "Views of Society in the North of Ireland") observes that "smoking humanises the heart which drunkenness hardens"; and "I have generally found that tobacco, like tea, produces sobriety." In Scotland ("abuse the pass") it used to be customary to smoke in church; we are even told that "the Duke's factor" himself did it. It is not so generally known that there is to-day at least one church in London where smokers are admitted, and a more respectful and attentive congregation is not to be found. An English divine has had the courage to write that the most devotional thoughts are not only consistent with, but fostered by, tobacco: being a benefited clergyman, he says "by a cigar," but a curate would have written (and, I think, with greater truth) "by a pipe." All the old smoking divines used pipes. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, who was as musical as he was learned, composed "a smoking catch" to be sung by four pipe-smokers. A friend of his expressed his astonishment at finding him not smoking his pipe. "What are you doing?" "I am filling it." The Rev. William Bredon, of Thornton, Bucks, got into trouble with his churchwardens for cutting up the bell ropes of his church; he had nothing else to smoke.

It is generally supposed that there was no smoking in England before the reign of Elizabeth. When, however, the tower of Kirkstall Abbey fell, in 1779, Whitaker a few days after "discovered imbedded in the mortar of the fallen fragments several little smoking-pipes such as were used in the reign of James I. for tobacco, a proof of a fact which has not been recorded that prior to the introduction of that plant from America the practice of inhaling the smoke of some indigenous vegetable prevailed in England." The first man who smoked tobacco in London was Captain W. Middleton, the brother of Sir Hugh Middleton, who brought the New River to London. It seems curious to us who are accustomed to look upon the Turks as inveterate smokers that tobacco was first brought (1800) to Constantinople by the English. Where one is not afraid of an adversary's argument, one can afford to advance a thing or two that seems to tell in his favour. An old writer, who describes the smoking of the calumet among the Indians, observes that when the Great Council of Chiefs deliberated, "The chief priest took certain leaves of the Tobacco and cast them into the fire, and did receive the smoke of them at his mouth and at his nose with a cane, and in taking of it, he fell down upon the ground as a dead man, and renouncing so according to the quantity of the smoke that he had taken. When the hearbe had doone his worke, he did revive and awake, and gave them answers according to the visions and illusions which he saw while he was rapt in the same manner, and hee did interpret them as the devill had counselled him."

It is only of recent years that societies have been formed for depriving life of its comforts. A hundred years ago it would have been thought as infamous to take away his tobacco from anybody—even a clergyman—as "to rob a poor man of his beer." As for liquor, pious zeal as much as courtesy in a parish caused it to be supplied, what seems to us *ad libitum*, to the divine who "took the duty" for a Sunday or two. From the books of Darlington Parish Church we learn that the Rev. Mr. Jillett, for what may be literally called his "services" in this way, had a quart of sack, while the Rev. Mr. Gill had a pint of brandy. To "a stranger" was given a dozen of ale, some of which we will hope he took home with him. On the other hand, when the Dean of Durham preached there, his Very Reverendness spent three shillings and sixpence in treating the churchwardens. At Havering a pint of sack was given to the preacher—incumbent or not—throughout the winter season. At Preston two bottles of wine were the perquisite of the clerical stranger. In London, when the Lord Mayor attended any of the City churches, wine and cake were provided to all members of the vestry after morning service.

A medical practitioner (whether qualified or otherwise I have not seen stated) has been charged with using external applications—plasters—to the detriment of his

patient. Of the facts in question I know nothing, but the allegation reminds me of the case of St. John Long (in 1830), one of the most curious in connection with medical matters that has ever been brought before a law-court. Mr. Long had not been educated as a surgeon, but had attained great celebrity for his treatment of consumption. He lived in Harley Street, and was consulted by many persons of rank and fortune. His method, shortly stated, was, in cases of internal disease, to cure the malady by causing an external wound. The effects of this treatment were always painful and often shocking to behold, and it is strange that under such circumstances he could have become popular. A Dublin lady, Mrs. Cashin, came up to London to consult him concerning the health of her two daughters. The younger was far gone in consumption, the elder perfectly well. What had happened to her sister naturally alarmed her, however, and Long undertook to prevent her falling a second victim. He applied his remedies, which gave her intense agony and made her very ill, and on the tenth day, when Brodie was called in, she died. The body of the poor girl was exhumed and examined by a committee of doctors. It was shown that there had been nothing the matter with her save a wound in the back, apparently produced by fire, though the mode of inflicting it could not be discovered. That was Mr. Long's secret. All his patients had to sign a book, and to promise to reveal nothing concerning his treatment, which comprised inhaling, and the application of some corrosive fluid. At the inquest the medical testimony was unanimous against him; but he had a cloud of witnesses, male and female, most of them his patients, who gave evidence in his favour. Among them was Sir Francis Burdett, who had strongly recommended him to members of the aristocracy, including the Marquis of Anglesey, for his gout. General Sharpe testified to the benefits his wife, suffering from consumption, had derived from Long's treatment. The Countess of Buckinghamshire spoke in the highest terms of it, as did many members of Parliament. In the end the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, which was received in a crowded court with cries of "Shame, shame!" On his trial at the Old Bailey he was found guilty, but escaped on paying a fine of £250 to the King.

The excitement arising from this affair had hardly subsided when, in the following September, a similar incident took place in the case of a Mrs. Colin Campbell Lloyd, wife of a captain in the Royal Navy. The details, however, were much more shocking; the effects of the corrosive fluid were even more terrible and had a more rapid termination. The disease for which she had been treated was a simple one, and had never been known to prove fatal. Mr. Long was again found guilty by the coroner's jury, and sent for trial; but the number of witnesses of high position in his favour was still greater than before, and with the assistance of the well-known counsel, Mr. Adolphus, he obtained an acquittal. He himself acknowledged that he was in receipt of from ten to twelve thousand a year (which, he said, "excites the jealousy of the profession"), and, notwithstanding all this publicity, continued his "rubbing-out" system, as he called it, to the last. He even obtained a hundred pounds damages in the Court of Common Pleas from someone who had libelled it. There is a monument to him in Kensal Green, erected to his memory by former patients. His case is a most curious example of *Vogue versus Science*.

The Jubilee has at last ceased to be the topic of our conversation, the subject of our thoughts, but not with everybody. I know persons who suffered wrongs upon that day which will never be forgotten till they are redressed. Vengeance is a dish that is eaten cold. Two ladies took two tickets at three guineas each at a certain West-End stand. Well was it called a stand, for when they got there they found no seats. A charming young man in charge made them and other ladies in a like position profuse apologies; there had been a muddle, he confessed, but it was not his fault, he had only been engaged as manager that morning. They stood up for four hours, till loyalty and every other feeling but indignation had died out of them. They reached home alive, sustained by the fire of their wrongs. The next morning an emissary was despatched for apologies and the return of their money. The stand had disappeared; it had folded its tent (it *had* had a canopy) and silently stolen away. The house behind it was an empty one, in charge of a caretaker, who knew nothing about the stand nor of those who had put it up. Their letters had been most business-like; at the top of them had been printed the various and respectable callings of the proprietors. They were surveyors, estate agents, civil engineers, and a number of other things. But nobody had heard of them, and now these "Lords of a Day" have utterly disappeared. It is like magic—black magic. My lady friends are naturally desirous for restitution, but how are they to get it? It is difficult to extract blood from a stone, but in this case there is not even the stone. They are still more anxious for revenge, but how is that to be obtained when we do not even know who has wronged us?

Mr. Quiller-Couch, in the columns of the *Speaker*, has been exposing an author's grievance; it is not his own, but one cannot doubt that he has good authority for his

statement. He maintains that it is a custom with certain editors—though one suspects it is not they, but the proprietors of the periodicals in question who are to blame—to keep their contributors for months, and even for years, without payment for their accepted articles. This is a habit of which we find no mention in Sir Wemyss Reid's recent interesting account of the journalism of forty years ago, and in my own experience of periodical literature of old I do not remember a single instance of it. It must, therefore, be a new departure, and in a very deplorable direction. What makes this the more strange is that the interest of money has of late years greatly diminished, so that there must be much less temptation to delay payment. There is, in fact, hardly anything to be got by it, except the natural enmity of the creditors. Mr. Quiller-Couch would greatly increase the usefulness of his communication by adding to it the names of the periodicals which are in the habit of behaving in the manner described.

It may be said that this dilatoriness in discharging a debt is, after all, no worse than the custom that used to prevail with some publishing houses of giving a bill for three months, or even longer, to their authors for their books instead of a cheque. But, in the first place, the sum was, of course, much larger than would be paid for a magazine article, and the author could realise the money at once, less the discount; sometimes, indeed, all the money. I once knew a poet so ignorant of business matters that he was familiarly called Harold (after Harold Skimpole); but his poems sold, and when Messrs. Sharpey's outbid his old publishers, Pater Noster and Co., for a new book, they sent him a bill instead of the money. Harold, who knew no difference between a bill and a cheque (or said he didn't), paid it into his current account, and his bankers replied that they must charge him six per cent. for the accommodation. "If it was an affair between you (in whose solvency we have the most perfect confidence) and ourselves," they politely wrote, "we should charge you less, but we conclude the bill to be given for Messrs. Sharpey's convenience, and not your own." A friend of mine, to whom Harold narrated the circumstance, asked him what he had done. "Well, you know, I am quite ignorant of business matters, so I just sent the banker's letter on to Messrs. Sharpey's, who instantly repaid me the discount." I think Harold's ignorance of financial affairs must have rather disconcerted that enterprising firm, and that he did uncommonly well for himself.

"Whenever I write 'hung,'" a journalist once observed to me, "the printers always substitute 'hanged' for it. Why do they do that?" It is rather difficult to say. We certainly say that our picture has been "hung" on the line of the Academy. There is an ancient chestnut concerning a severe Judge who inquired at a luncheon-table the nature of a distant dish. "It is pressed beef, my Lord," was the reply, "but if you try it, it will be hung." This would seem to establish a good case for the latter word. Moreover, during the war-correspondent trial the other day, when the defendant said in the box that he did not mean to kill the plaintiff, Mr. Justice Hawkins is reported to have observed, "You would have been hung if you had done that." His Lordship ought to know. Nevertheless, I think the proper usage is to apply the word "hung" to things inanimate, and to reserve "hanged" for ourselves and friends.

When Mr. Grant Allen is not elevating the human mind, but only instructing or amusing it, one knows few pleasanter writers. He is equally at home with the scientific essay or the short story, and by no means takes a back seat as a novelist. "An African Millionaire" is a good example of his talents. It is only a collection of tales describing how a very rich man is again and again victimised by the same adventurer, but it has not only plenty of dramatic incident, but of shrewd and wise reflection. Such are seldom found in the modern novel. The manner in which, without taking the side of the sharper, he shows that the great promoter is morally as bad, is quite a commercial lesson, while it has the advantage of preventing the reader's feelings from being too harrowed by the misfortunes of the capitalist. Poor Sir Charles, though the cleverest of "City men," is done every way and always, but thoroughly deserves it. Even his life is at one time in the Colonel's power, but that is the last thing, as he observes, that he should think of taking from him—

"Now, my dear Sir," he expostulates, one hand held palm outward, "do you think it probable I would kill the goose that lays the golden eggs with so little compunction? No, no, Sir Charles Vandrift; I know too well how much you are worth to me. I return you on my income-tax paper as five thousand a year clear profit of my profession. Suppose you were to die! I might be compelled to find some new and far less lucrative source of plunder. Your heirs, executors, or assignees might not suit my purpose. The fact of it is, Sir, your temperment and mine are exactly adapted one to the other. I understand you; and you do not understand me, which is often the basis of the firmest friendships."

There is no heroine in the book, nor, indeed, any very virtuous persons; but the characters are all interesting, especially the private secretary, Wentworth, who narrates the stories. These are not only ingenious in themselves, but exhibit a wide range of knowledge upon various subjects, and illustrate the latest scientific discoveries.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Naval Manœuvres have this year been somewhat curtailed in length, but have not been therefore the less interesting. On the contrary, they have possessed a good deal more interest than usual for the average mind, as a practical demonstration of what would be the real value in time of war of the splendid fleet lately reviewed at Spithead. As an object-lesson in naval tactics these manœuvres have an importance of their own which is not diminished by the fact that one or other division does not literally carry out the scheme prepared beforehand for the sake of strategic actuality. This year the general idea of the operations of the Channel Fleet was as follows:—In anticipation of war, the Second Division, commanded by Rear-Admiral Fellowes, and consisting of the battle-ships *Magnificent* (flag-ship), *Royal Sovereign*, *Resolution*, *Repulse*, and *Empress of India*, together with eight cruisers, put to sea from Blacksd Bay, leaving one cruiser behind to bring on the news that war had been declared. This cruiser, under orders to proceed direct to a rendezvous at a fixed speed, was followed some hours after she had started by two cruisers of an opposing squadron (First Division) with the object of discovering the position of the enemy-squadron and informing their own Admiral, who had put to sea from Lough Swilly, so as to enable him to prevent the return of that squadron to Blacksd Bay by intercepting it at sea. The First Division was under the command of Admiral Stephenson, and consisted of the battle-ships *Majestic* (flag), *Prince George*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, *Victorious*, and *Renown*, and ten cruisers.

The First Division eventually cut the second off from its port, but only to learn from the signals of Rear-Admiral Fellowes, when his fleet was sighted, that he was then making a second return to Blacksd Bay, having arrived there the day before and having thereafter put to sea again by the instruction of the Admiralty. The victory was thus left to the decision of the Admiralty, there being some doubt as to whether the first return or the finally forestalled arrival was to represent the achievement of the Second Division.

The independent operations of the Reserve Fleet were meanwhile carried out on the following general plan. News had been received that a hostile squadron (Second Division) had been ordered to be at one of two rendezvous on a certain date with the object of making a sudden descent from the nearest of them on Berehaven or Falmouth, according to the final decision of the Admiral; and it had transpired not only that both rendezvous were equidistant from Brow Head, in Ireland, and over one hundred miles apart, but that one was as far from the Fastnet Rock as the other was from St. Mary's, Scilly. The Defence Squadron (First Division) was therefore ordered to put to sea from Milford Haven to endeavour to intercept the hostile squadron before it could reach either port. The First Division (Milford Haven) was commanded by Admiral Compton Domville, and consisted of the battle-ships *Alexandra* (flag), *Benbow*, *Howe*, *Collingwood*, *Devastation*, and *Colossus*, together with nine cruisers; the Second Division (Berehaven), commanded by Rear-Admiral Pearson, was composed of the battle-ships *Sanspareil* (flag), *Edinburgh*, *Thunderer*, *Warspite*, and *Aurora* and eight cruisers. Admiral Domville eventually succeeded in preventing Admiral Pearson and his Second Division from reaching Falmouth, and the mimic war was at an end.

A DICKENS VILLAGE.

The remarkable hold that Dickens still retains on the imagination of his countrymen becomes a positive cult in the places which he favoured by his presence. Such a spot is Broadstairs, which precisely suited his temperament, and which remembers proudly that he wrote "Beak House" at the mansion on the cliff still known by the name of the novel. Thus, when Broadstairs wished to equip itself with a club-house for sailors, it cleverly organised the inevitable bazaar into a Dickens village on the West Cliff Pavilion, in which the nine stalls were christened after places in his novels (such as Peggotty's house and the Old Curiosity Shop), while a whole gallery of Dickens-folk, from Oliver Twist and Fagin, Uriah Heep, Poor Jo, Mr. Pickwick, and Dolly Varden, peopled the place as if they had never been anything other than real live subjects of Queen Victoria. The village sprang into existence like a gourd on July 7, and vanished three days later; the masqueraders have all gone back to frock-coats and tailor-made, but Broadstairs will remember the day for many a year.

LORD DUNDONALD'S GALLOPING GUN.

With a view to removing the chief disadvantages under which the Maxim gun has hitherto laboured—namely, the weight of its carriage—requiring a couple of horses, and even thus equipped being still unwieldy in action; and the consequent lack of speed in its transit at times when swift movement is all-essential to success, the Earl of Dundonald, whose command in the 2nd Life Guards has given him some experience of machine-guns on service, has designed and patented a new galloping gun-carriage, which seems likely to have an important effect on the fighting value of cavalry. Whereas the modern Maxim carriage used for cavalry purposes weighs some nine hundredweight by itself, Lord Dundonald's new carriage, gun and ammunition all told, weighs only four hundred pounds. Moreover, the gun itself is so ingeniously placed that it can be fired in different directions without any moving of the carriage. The width of the carriage, which is built of steel, from wheel to wheel, is the same as that of the usual field-gun, but one of its distinguishing features is the extremely narrow tyre of the wheels, designed to cleave the loose soil of soft ground or to run almost as lightly as a bicycle over a harder surface. Sledge runners are, moreover, carried for use over snow or boggy land. Much ingenuity is displayed in the arrangements for giving the necessary free play between horse and carriage in a gallop over rough country or round sharp corners. One mounted horse draws the

carriage, and by the side rides a man on horseback to work the gun when the scene of action is reached. The trial exhibition of the new gun-carriage recently given in Hyde Park certainly went far to establish the value of Lord Dundonald's innovation. The new carriage not only proved its ability to keep level with cavalry advancing at a gallop, but was found to be so cleverly planned that, on arrival at the imaginary battle-field, the gun could be unlimbered and made to open fire before an attendant cavalry squadron could dismount.

The fighting value of such light field-guns to cavalry, especially when opposed by unbroken infantry, is obvious. Each time the infantry prepare to receive an attack the machine-guns can be made to play upon them. In extended formation the infantry must fear the cavalry; in close formation they offer a splendid target to the machine-guns. Thus Lord Dundonald hopes that his invention will in the future help cavalry to regain a large proportion of that ancient destructive power of which the deadly effect of modern arms of precision has to some extent robbed it.

THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT RANELAGH.

The Ranelagh Club put on a gala aspect to welcome the Colonial troops on one of their last appearances together in London. Few entertainments arranged for them could be more to their mind than that offered them at this country-in-town place of pleasant resort. Two steamers conveyed the club's unmounted guests from Chelsea to Putney, and then the troops entered the club grounds by a short cut through a breach in their boundary walls. The club committee and many friends, including Lord Lansdowne, Lord Dundonald, Mr. St. John Brodrick, and Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P., were there to greet the newcomers. There was some good coaching, a race being won by Major Shuttleworth and Captain Hankey, driving the Royal Horse Artillery coach. Lord Shrewsbury was a centre of much curiosity, as he drove one of the smallest teams ever seen. Meanwhile, on the polo-ground, the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) met and beat the 17th Lancers in the Subalterns and Inter-Regimental Challenge Cup. It was the first sight of polo that some of the Colonials had ever had; and it was only one of the many attractions offered them during the afternoon.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW.

Pleasantly conclusive proof is afforded by the excellent show organised last week by the Ladies' Kennel Association that the recent differences in its ranks as to rules and proceedings have not affected the popularity or success of the society. The show was held in the Royal Botanic Gardens, and a number of marquees were attractively filled with ladies' pets. The toy dogs made a specially good show, the champion, Yorky, being beautiful beyond description, with his golden-brown coat sweeping the ground, and his bright terrier eyes and sharp little nose. The Princess of Wales showed her Borzoi Alex, who won two first prizes and a championship; a delightful little black pug, Black Gin, who carried off three first prizes and a remiership; a red Dalmatian who won two second prizes; and a couple of basset-hounds, of which the smooth one carried off a first prize, the representative of the rougher variety having to content himself with being the sole specimen of his class at the show. The toy bulldogs formed a large class unto themselves, the victorious owners of these now popular dogs including Countess de Grey, the Countess of Carnarvon, and the Duchess of Sutherland. In the Skye class and the Great Dane class the most notable exhibits were once more the property of Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Horsfall respectively, and those two widely different varieties of favourite dogs ran a neck-and-neck race for the highest honour of the show, the seventy-guinea challenge cup for the champion of champions, the splendid qualities of the two champions giving the very judges pause awhile. In the end, however, the decision was made in favour of the Great Dane, Champion Hannibal, of Redgrave.

CANNIBALISM IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Professor Flinders Petrie is now exhibiting the result of the explorations he made last winter at a spot called Deshashah, on the Nile, about fifty miles south of Cairo. He was fortunate enough to come upon a group of tombs which date as far back as the fifth dynasty, about 3500 B.C. In these he found rude coffins with bones in them, but no mummies; an earlier form of burial had been in existence, in which the bodies were cut up, the flesh entirely removed, the bones carefully wrapped up in cloth, and placed in the coffins. The Professor comes to the conclusion, based upon statements by Herodotus, Strabo, and other authorities, that the flesh had been cooked and eaten as a sacred rite in connection with the dead. With the Massagetae, when a man reached an old age, it was considered to be a happy and honourable death to be sacrificed and eaten; and it was looked upon as a great misfortune to die before being entitled to this distinction, for those who died of disease were not treated after this fashion. One of the rude coffins that contained a cut-up body is given among the illustrations; all the objects represented, with the exception of three from El Kab, are from Deshashah, and they possess a great interest from their extreme antiquity. In one of the tombs a very fine statue was found. It represents a Prince and royal priest, named Nenkeftka; a portrait, or careful drawing of his head is given, to show what a man was like on the banks of the Nile 5500 years ago. This statue is good evidence that sculpture was far from being a primitive art at that early date. There is also a group of the same man and his wife, Nefersemu; also the skull of their son, named Nenkeftek. The wooden chisel and mallet, as they would be useless in cutting stone, are supposed to have been employed for excavating the earth in making graves. It may be mentioned that small baskets, like the one shown in the illustration, are still used in India, where women and children carry earth at railway-making or other works.

A POPULAR AUTHOR.

BY BARRY FAIN.

As he was climbing—somewhat slowly and hesitatingly—on to the parapet, I rushed forward and dragged him down again to the pavement. He sat there, glaring at me. "Interference!" he exclaimed bitterly. "More interference!"

"I have saved your life," I observed. "Without the least knowledge of the circumstances," he retorted savagely. "Impertinence! Bad taste!"

"Get up, and don't make a fool of yourself." As he rose and stood in the lamplight, brushing the dust from his clothes, I recognised him. I had never met him before, but I knew his face from a hundred portraits, his tastes and habits from a thousand interviews.

"It cannot be!" I said, astonished. He saw that he was recognised. "But it is," he said. "The popular author?"

"The same." "Look here," I said. "Perhaps I was too hasty just now. If I had known that you were an author, I should not have interrupted you. The profession is terribly overcrowded. Pray resume your suicide at once."

"I won't," he replied. "You've spoiled my whole pleasure in it. You've given the thing the air of a fiasco." "I am indeed sorry. One gets so into the habit of saving people's lives without making any previous inquiry. Now that I appreciate your motive—your generous desire to get out of the way and make room for the younger generation that is knocking at the door—"

"It was not that—it was not that at all."

"Then what was it?" "I will tell you." We walked on together. "You called me a popular author just now; I accepted the designation, but you were wrong."

"I wish I could think so, but I fear that your hold on the public is too strong; your popularity is, unfortunately, still an undeniable fact."

"The popularity is all right, but I am no longer an author, because I do not auth."

"I am delighted to hear it. When did you first find that you were exhausted—had used up all your ideas?"

"I didn't. I haven't. I am a mass of congested ideas and plots and stories, and they are all good; but I shall never use them—never any more—never, never! My popularity has killed my authorship. Tell me, did you ever read an interview with me?"

"I spend my life in dodging the different interviews with you in the different periodicals. I may have glanced at the first four or five, but I always skip you now."

"Quite right. You don't hate those interviews more than I do."

"So you always say in the interview, but you go on being interviewed."

"How can I help it? The advertisement is useful, and I have a wife and family to support. Besides, my good-nature makes me weak. The interviewer has an editor who knows a man who knows me, and that is how it happens. All mutual friends ought to be abolished. All the same, I do honestly hate these interviews. They take from me time, thought, energy, ideas, that might have been given to authorship. Besides, for three days after every interview I am so prostrated by shame and self-disgust that I cannot write a single line."

"But in the intervals—why don't you write then? After all, there must be an occasional week when you are not interviewed, in spite of your popularity."

"Interviews are not the only curse." He pulled a letter from his pocket. "Read that."

Standing under the lamp, I read it. It was from the editor of the *Home Blitherer*. The editor was anxious to get the opinion of a number of eminent and representative men on what he believed to be an important domestic question—Should women use face-powder? He would be exceedingly grateful if the popular author would forward his views on this subject, in which case three complimentary copies of the number containing the symposium would be forwarded to him.

"That's all right," I said. "If I were ever to get a communication of that kind I should drop it into the waste-paper basket and get on with my work."

"No, you wouldn't," he replied. "It's very easy to think you would when you're not popular enough to be assailed in this way, but you would find it very different in practice. The *Home Blitherer* gets into more middle-class families than any other periodical, and the middle-class families buy books, and if they get my name put before them sufficiently they will buy my books. With the responsibilities of a wife and family upon me, I can't afford to neglect an advertisement like that. But it will take me days of work. I've never thought about face-powder before, and now I've got to think about it. What is more, I have to be wise and witty about it. My remarks on face-powder stand, you see, in a position of a free tasting sample. The only thing is, that it—the accursed result of popularity—takes the time and energy which might have been given to authorship."

"And that is all?"

"By no means. There are invitations which I never got in my unpopular days, and one cannot refuse all of them. Besides, it is a distinct advertisement to have one's name in the daily papers in the list of the notable people who have attended a function. But it tires one—it tires one—and it takes time. See that bill on the hoarding?"

I read it aloud—

GARLAY'S HOUSEHOLD GLUE.

IT STICKS FOR EVERMORE.

"Well," he continued, "if Garlay had spent so much money on advertising his beastly glue that he had no money left with which to manufacture that glue, he would be exactly in the position of a popular author. For three months I have written nothing—nothing except answers to invitations and gratis contributions to symposia."

"I'm sorry I interfered," I said. "But there's a grocer's at the end of the street, and they'll sell you carbolic and ask no questions. Carbolic is a poison."

"He thanked me warmly. I left him at the door of the shop, and am not without hope that there will be interesting news in the papers to-morrow morning."



HON. W. P. REEVE,
Agent-General of New Zealand.

SIR J. FERGUSON.

RT. HON. R. J. SEDDON,
Premier of New Zealand.

MR. J. HOGAN, M.P.

THE NEW ZEALAND BANQUET AT THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT: MAORI WARRIORS PERFORMING THE "HAKA" WAR-DANCE.

THE BISLEY MEETING.

In the year that has brought an unprecedented number of Colonial visitors, civil and military, to their mother-country, it was but to be expected that the Bisley Meeting would prove a rallying-point for even more than the usually large gathering of Colonial candidates for its honours, for the efforts of the National Rifle Association have long since made Bisley one of the pleasantest bonds of union between Englishmen and their kinsmen from over the seas. Upwards of one hundred of her Majesty's Colonial subjects have come to compete for the Queen's Prize at this thirty-eighth annual meeting, a fact which is alone sufficient to make it a memorable one, whatever section of the Empire contribute the destined victor. Moreover, the Imperial Prize has this year been opened to Colonial competitors for the first time since its institution, and certain other prizes have been instituted for competition among Colonials only, so that the fortunes of war are by no means unfavourable to the marksmen who have travelled from afar to match their skill against that of native growth. The first of the Colonial teams to arrive in full force was the Canadian, which boasts a spacious new club-house built of timber brought all the way from Canada; but they were soon followed to Bisley by the New Zealand contingent (of which we give an Illustration), the three Australian teams—New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland—and the contingents from the Cape and Natal, and other intending combatants, Home and Colonial, eager for the series of contests which began on Monday last.

BIRMINGHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL.

On behalf of the Queen, Princess Christian went to Birmingham last week, and on Wednesday opened the new and handsome buildings of the Birmingham General Hospital. The Duke of York laid the foundation-stone three years ago, and in the meantime, at a cost of some £210,000, the drawings of Mr. William Henman have been translated into red brick and terra-cotta. The central wing is in the later Victorian style, with a number of semi-detached octagonally-towered blocks, extending over a frontage of 1470 ft., in the rear of the new Victoria Law Courts. The day was observed as a general holiday on the appeal of the Lord Mayor, and the Princess, accompanied by Prince Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-

Holstein, received a warm welcome as she drove through the crowded streets. Flags flew everywhere, and to Corporation Street had been transported bodily the Venetian masts and Corinthian columns which did duty in St. James's Street on the occasion of the Queen's own procession. Included in the Princess's suite were Colonel

THE NEW ZEALAND BANQUET.

On Thursday night last week the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant was filled with a gay company to do honour to the Premier of New Zealand, the Right Hon. R. J. Sedden, and to hear his hour's oration in praise of



NEW ZEALAND RIFLE TEAM FOR THE BISLEY MEETING, IN CHARGE OF MAJOR J. R. SOMMERVILLE.

the Hon. W. Carington, Lord Lathom (the Lord Chamberlain), and Sir Matthew White Ridley (Home Secretary). These were received, on their arrival by special train from London, by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, the Lady Mayoress and Miss Smith, and by Lord Leigh (Lord Lieutenant), Mr. Ryland (High Sheriff), Mr. Dugdale, Q.C. (Recorder), and Mr. Smith (Town Clerk). An illuminated address of welcome was presented, and the Princess read a reply which expressed her pleasure to come on behalf of her "dear mother," and her gratification that Birmingham had added another to its great hospitals. Prince Christian said the same thing when he spoke later at the banquet. The royal party was received at the new hospital by Lord Calthorpe, Mr. Holder, and others. The Bishop of Coventry said a prayer, and the architect produced a gold key, which her Royal Highness turned in the wards of the lock of the main entrance. Then the day's task was done, and, amid more enthusiasm, the Princess returned to the railway station.

the colony's climate, people, and products, especially its mutton. All true patriots in the mother-land were adjured by the Prime Minister to be loyal to New Zealand lamb. Sir E. Montague Nelson also followed suit with the same advice, which was further supported by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, the Agent-General. Macaulay's New Zealander, who has made an appearance in so many speeches during this Jubilee, was present in the flesh at the Holborn Restaurant; for, after the banquet was over, the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson announced that a group of Maori warriors who were present would dance the Haka—the war-dance of their race. Thereupon, fifteen dusky giants mounted the stage and gave the performance, of which one spectator asserts that it would certainly drive any ordinary foe from the field before a single blow had been struck. New Zealand's Premier altogether spent the larger part of a day at the Holborn Restaurant, for earlier in the same twenty-four hours he was the guest of the Fabian Society at a luncheon given there in his honour. At this function Mr. Sydney Webb, L.C.C., occupied the chair, and the speakers included Mr. W. P. Reeves, Mr. Hubert Bland, and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

PARLIAMENT.

Lord Salisbury's characteristic pessimism was illustrated by his reference in the Lords to the course of the negotiations at Constantinople. He declined to commit himself to any expression of opinion as to the expediency of putting "pressure" on the Sultan, and he lamented that there was no Bismarck to force Europe to decisive action. Several Unionist peers complained that the county associations under the Voluntary Schools Act had been turned into diocesan associations; in other words, that secular bodies appointed to distribute money under the Act had been made agencies of the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury defended this on the ground that education was of no use unless it was religious, a point of view which did not commend itself to the Duke of Devonshire, who roundly accused the Primate of misinterpreting the spirit of the Act. In the Commons the Workmen's Compensation Bill reached the third reading stage after some lively debate in Committee. It is clear that a large section of the ordinary supporters of the Government dislike the Bill altogether, and will be glad to see it materially altered by the House of Lords. An amendment to strike out the proviso that in the event of a voluntary arrangement between an employer and his workman failing to reach the scale of compensation provided by the Act, the difference shall be made good by the employer, was supported by more than sixty Unionists. The argument of the minority was that the attitude of Ministers was inconsistent with their vindication of the principle of "contracting out" against Mr. Asquith's Employers' Liability Bill in 1893. Evidently "contracting out" is understood by some Unionists to mean the right of the employer to make cheaper terms with his men than he can get from an Act of Parliament. Mr. Balfour disputed this view, but the minority of his supporters are hoping that the Lords will stand by them.



THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM.

Photo Bedford Levers, Strand.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Chamberlain has the credit of taking a practical initiative in the policy of giving the Colonies representatives at Westminster. There are not to be Colonial members of the House of Commons yet. That would mean a federation of the Empire, for which the time is not ripe. It would involve a recasting of the Constitution, a prodigious enterprise. But Mr. Chamberlain proposes that Canada, South Africa, and Australia shall have representatives in the House of Lords. There is one Canadian Peer there already, as Sir Donald Smith, the London High Commissioner of the Dominion, was raised to the peerage on Jubilee Day. The actual influence of the Colonial Peers would be slight, but the value of the suggestion lies in the principle. A more definite importance attaches to the further plan of making the Agents-General of the Colonies an advising council for the benefit of the Colonial Office, where the views of the Colonies are sometimes imperfectly appreciated.

The creation of new ties between England and her Colonies is exciting violent jealousy on the Continent. A Russian print threatens us with a confederation of Europe against Great Britain. Seeing that the precious "Concert" cannot agree even to coerce Turkey, there is small likelihood of a formidable coalition for the ruin of the British Empire. The news that Cape Colony has presented the mother-country with a first-class ironclad will still further inflame the Anglophobists who rage furiously together and imagine vain things. The naval demonstration at Spithead was painful to the foreign gentry who chatter about the decay of England; but when the Colonies take to

The Hon. Sir Walter Francis Hely-Hutchinson has received the Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George in recognition of his service as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Natal. Sir Walter was born in Dublin in 1849, being the second son of the fourth Earl of Donoughmore. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge; and he has had experience as an Administrator in Fiji, in New South Wales, in Barbados, in Malta, and in the Windward Islands. In Natal, where he now governs, he inaugurated the system of "Responsible Government" in 1893.

Professor John Attfield, F.R.S., whose portrait, by Professor Hubert Herkimer, R.A., was painted this year, has just been presented with a set of silver and an album, containing an address signed by 1200 names, the ceremony taking place the other day at his house at Watford, Herts. The testimonial was given in recognition of Professor Attfield's services to chemistry as one of the editors of the *British Pharmacopœia*, and as the author of manuals well known to students and others.

The Right Hon. Hugh Holmes, P.C., Judge of the High Court of Ireland since 1887, has entered upon the duties of the Lord Justiceship of Appeal rendered vacant by the death of Lord Justice Barry. Born in 1840, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and married Olivia, daughter of Mr. J. W. Moule. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1865, and his quickly prospering career found him Solicitor and Attorney-General for Ireland in 1878 and 1880. Later he had a seat in Parliament for a

two volumes of "Englische Charakterbilder," and his "Correspondence and Conversations with Alexander von Humboldt." On Carlyle he was a recognised authority. By command of the late Prince Consort, he arranged and catalogued a collection of about 60,000 prints of historical portraits of all periods and nations, and he was the author of the Catalogue of the Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington in 1868. His literary abilities were of a very high order, and it was his constant endeavour to promote a right appreciation of England and things English among his countrymen.

Dr. Collins, the Chairman of the London County Council, is opposed to corporal punishment in schools because he and Lord Herschell and Mr. Chamberlain went as boys to a school where they were not flogged. Does this mean that only a boy who is never caned may rise to the dignity of the County Council chair? Perhaps a flogging schoolmaster will be addressed by some refractory delinquent in these terms: "Sir, you are unfitting me to take my seat on the Woolsack!"

Mark Twain has declined the subscription for his benefit proposed by the *New York Herald*. He accepted the suggestion at first; but he says now that, in the opinion of his family, he is quite able to extricate himself from his difficulties by work. The incident is viewed with regret by many of his friends in America, where it is thought patriotic to spend many millions sterling on military pensioners more than thirty years after the Civil War, though a national donation for the relief of distinguished men of letters is no part of American finance.

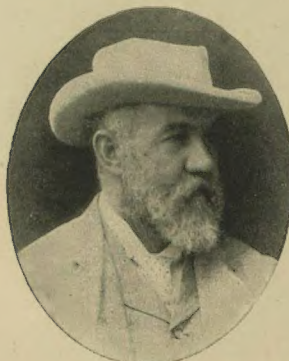


Photo Plate, Colombo.
SIR FREDERICK R. SAUNDERS, C.M.G.
CEYLON CIVIL SERVICE.



Photo's Ball, Regent Street.
THE HON. SIR WALTER HELY-HUTCHINSON,
GOVERNOR OF NATAL.

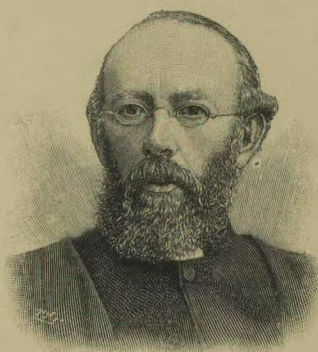
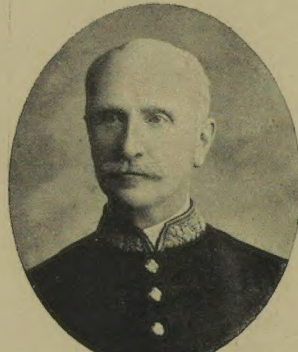


Photo Hill's and Saunders, Oxford.
THE REV. W. LOCK,
NEW WARDEN OF KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD.



Photo's Chanceller, Dublin.
COLONEL SIR GERALD DEASE,
ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS.



Photo Lombardi and Co.
THE LATE PROFESSOR ALTHAUS.



Photo S. J. Jarvis, Ottawa.
SIR LOUIS H. DAVIES, K.C.M.G.
CANADIAN MINISTER OF MARINE.



Photo Donner, Watford.
PROFESSOR JOHN ATTFIELD, F.R.S.



Photo Chanceller, Dublin.
MR. JUSTICE HOLMES,
NEW LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL FOR IRELAND.

contributing ironclads to the Queen's Navee, the prospect of the decline and fall of the second Carthage, as the Continental critic is fond of calling Britain, grows still more remote.

Sir Frederick Saunders, who was the leading representative of the Colony of Ceylon at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, though other important members of the loyal colony took part in the celebration of the Queen's long reign in her English capital, is a son of the late Mr. Frederick Saunders, formerly Treasurer of Ceylon, and entered the Ceylon Civil Service himself just forty years ago. After holding office successively as Assistant Government Agent, District Judge, Inspector-General of Police and Prisons, and Government Agent for the Western Province, he was appointed Treasurer of Ceylon, and a Commissioner of the Government Loan Board in 1890. Sir Frederick's services in the development of Ceylon resources long since received official recognition at home, and he was made a C.M.G. in 1886.

The list of Colonial visitors now in England has been increased by the arrival of Sir Louis H. Davies, Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, the object of whose visit is to lay before the law officers of her Majesty's Government the argument of the Canadian Government with respect to the application of the Belgian and German Treaties to Canada's new Tariff Law. Sir Louis will also discuss the Behring Sea Seal Fisheries question, which the American Government has been for some time past trying to reopen, with a view to making more stringent regulations than those provided by the Paris arbitration. He is also engaged on an important Fisheries case before the Privy Council between the Dominion and Provincial Governments with regard to their respective jurisdiction over inland or non-tidal waters.

couple of years as the representative of Dublin University. The Irish Bench is supposed to be overmanned, and Parliament is to take cognisance of the fact; but Lord Justice Holmes lately asserted that, with the exception of holidays, he had sat every day since December till four, and on several occasions till after six o'clock.

The Rev. Walter Lock, M.A., the newly appointed Warden of Keble College in succession to Dr. Wilson, was one of the original Tutors of the College. He is, therefore, intimately associated with its life and growth from the beginning, having been a Tutor for twenty-seven years, and Sub-Warden for seventeen. He is also the Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the University. Mr. Lock, who was Fellow and Theological Tutor of Magdalen, was also a former examining chaplain to the Archbishop of York.

Sir Gerald Dease, one of the Army men who received the honour of knighthood at the Jubilee, is an Irishman and a Colonel in the Royal Irish Fusiliers. His military calling has not, however, prevented him from undertaking a variety of duties of a civilian character, for he is a governor of the Bank of Ireland and a railway director, besides being interested in several other Irish enterprises. He is Chamberlain to Lord Cadogan at Dublin Castle.

Professor Friedrich Althaus, whose death, at the age of sixty-eight, took place on July 7, had occupied the Chair of German Literature at University College, London, for twenty-three years. Besides holding, at various periods, most of the professorial appointments open to him, such as Examinerships at the London University, for the Indian Civil Service, the Foreign Office, the War Office, etc., Dr. Althaus was a constant contributor to the chief German magazines and periodicals, mainly upon English subjects. Among his other publications may be mentioned biographies of C. J. Fox, Nelson, Russell, and Beaconsfield,

We have an extremely niggardly pension fund here for literary men, and perhaps it is well for Mark Twain's critics to remember that an illustrious English poet drew an income from the Civil List for many years after his writings had made him prosperous.

The report that the Duke of Connaught is to succeed Sir Redvers Buller as Adjutant-General has caused a great commotion in military circles. The natural successor of Sir Redvers Buller is Sir Evelyn Wood. It is suggested that the Duke of Connaught will be eventually made Commander-in-Chief, and that the system which was supposed to have come to an end with the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge will be thus restored. Such a step will be vigorously resisted by military reformers.

It is stated that the Great Western Railway Company intend to reduce their third class fares to a halfpenny a mile. Such a cheapening of travel ought to give an enormous impulse to the passenger traffic. The railway companies have a new competitor in the person of Mr. George Davidson, who says he has invented an air-car, which, when perfected, ought to travel at three hundred miles an hour. We shall then be able to reach New York from London in about the time it takes to go to Aberdeen. Mr. Davidson is already preparing advice to travellers. For instance, they are warned not to open the door of the car, which will let in a head wind, as this may cause instant asphyxiation.

Samuel Charles Allsopp, second Baron Hindlip, died on Monday at his house in Hill Street. Born in 1842, he was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A., being Junior Optimo in the mathematical tripos of 1865, and M.A. in 1870. He won a seat for the Conservative party in East Staffordshire at a by-election in 1873; and, a year later, was returned

unopposed. In 1880 he lost that seat, but was returned for Taunton in 1882, and kept the seat until he succeeded, in 1887, to the peerage conferred on his father. He was Chairman of Samuel Allsopp and Sons (Limited) from the time of its formation until 1890. He was Deputy-Chairman of the Great Northern Railway, and a J.P. for Derbyshire and Worcestershire. His interest in the Turf was great, and he had his successes with Jeannie, Craig Maskeldie, Miss Tippet, Powick, Penefather, Brechin, and Limasol. Lord Hindlip married, in 1868, Miss Georgina Millicent Palmer-Morewood, of Alfreton Hall; and his son Charles, born in 1877, now succeeds him as third Baron.

William Philip Molineux, fourth Earl of Sefton, K.G., who died on Sunday, June 27, was born in October 1835. In 1854 he entered the Grenadier Guards, but he retired from the Army in 1858, having meanwhile succeeded to the family honours as Earl of Sefton and Viscount Molineux in the Peerage of Ireland, and as Baron Sefton in that of the United Kingdom. In 1866 he married a daughter of the first Lord Hylton, by whom he leaves three sons and two daughters, his eldest son, who now succeeds him, being born in 1867.

Admiral Sir William Robert Mends, G.C.B., died on Saturday, June 26, at Alverstoke. The son of an Admiral, he was born in 1812, and at the age of thirteen began his adventurous career in the Navy. The most remarkable voyage he ever took was probably that on board the *Pique*, when she went rudderless across the Atlantic. He commanded the *Arethusa* in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, and afterwards became Flag-Captain to Rear-Admiral Sir E. Lyons. He organised the Coastguard and established the Naval Reserve on the Lancashire coast and he was appointed Director of Transports in 1862. The Admiral had been on the Retired List since 1883.

The Army has lost a distinguished veteran by the death of General Alfred Thomas Heyland, C.B., who lately passed away at the advanced age of eighty-four. General Heyland received his commission in 1833, and won considerable honour in the Crimea by his bravery in action. Sad to say, however, his gallant conduct lost him an arm in the Battle of the Alma.

MUSIC.

The London concert season is now slowly drawing to a close, and there is little more than a week even of opera to run. After that there will be silence in the town for a couple of months, at the end of which period Mr. Newman, Mr. Schulz-Curtius, and others announce their intention of breaking into song from various quarters. Meanwhile, last week the second novelty of the season, "*Inez Mendo*," was produced at Covent Garden. The libretto is founded upon a story of Prosper Mérimée's, and the music is written by a gentleman who modestly hides his real name under the disguise of "*Fred. Regnal*." The worst thing about the work is the book. It is a drama built up of sound and fury, but signifying very little indeed. The tragedy, such as it is—for at the moment of crisis, when everything has been built up for tragedy, the whole thing ends as happily as a marriage bell—contains too many elements of unconscious humour in it, which at times are positively Gilbertian. This is no place to describe the plot, but as an instance of this it may be said in passing that the chief figure is an hereditary headman who has never executed anybody in his life, who would rather die than execute anybody, and whose office is apparently unknown to anybody but himself.

The music which "*Fred. Regnal*" has supplied to this rather odd book is vivacious and pretty. It is never by any chance vulgar, it has a good deal of originality in it, and there are many songs and one or two choruses that are altogether pleasing. There, however, one is inclined to think that praise must end. The composition, it cannot be denied, stands upon a dead level of monotony. After a time you listen, and listen without receiving any sensation beyond the apprehension of a persistent flow of rippling prettiness. There is, if the truth must be told, scarcely any reality about the thing, and the perpetual artifice by degrees tires out the ear. The opera was lucky in its singers and actors. M. Alvarez, in the congenial rôle of a high-born lover, has never sung better this year, and Madame Saville was a charming heroine. M. Renaud, as the hereditary headman, had no part, and did all he could to persuade people that he had one. The choruses were carefully sung, the mounting was exceptionally good, and M. Flon conducted extremely well. It is fair to add that the opera was received with immense applause.

Meanwhile Mozart has returned to us at Covent Garden, and during the past ten days the public has twice had the opportunity of enjoying his two greatest masterpieces, "*Le Nozze di Figaro*" and "*Don Giovanni*." "*Le Nozze*" was charmingly put upon the stage, Madame Eames showing herself to be an exquisite Countess and M. Edouard de Reszke a very fine Almariva. Miss de Vere's Susanna was pretty and sweet, but perhaps scarcely big enough for Covent Garden, and Miss Zélie de Lussan was a very agreeable Cherubino. The "*Don Giovanni*"—one of the most difficult operas in the world—was not so successful, although M. Renaud was an amazingly good

Don, and M. Fugère a capital Leporello. The thing was taken perhaps a trifle too easily, a fatal mistake in dealing with Mozart, and the orchestra was, despite Mancinelli's skill and patience, not up to the usual mark.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

DUMAS PÈRE AT HER MAJESTY'S.

A week ago Mr. Alexander was combating in humorous fashion the contention that the English drama is "on the shelf." Yet some truth may lurk in the fallacy, surely, when with three foreign invaders just retreating from our shores, and Mr. Wyndham reviving the French legend of "David Garrick," we discover the three important theatres still open given over to French adaptations. Sardou is at last installed at the Lyceum, while, in the person of his English representative, the elder Dumas has lately received a double welcome from the rival houses in the Haymarket. Fortunately, Mr. Grundy proves so adroit a translator, and old Dumas so agreeable a playwright, that we hardly regret the temporary eclipse of Mr. Pinero and his brethren. "The Silver Key" (as the latest play borrowed from the father of Romance is styled) is quite as delightful a *mélange* of comedy and sentiment as "A Marriage of Convenience," with the additional advantage of a more sensational plot. The title of a former version, "The Duke's Wager," gives a clearer idea than does Mr. Grundy's of the leading motive of "*Mlle. de Belle-Isle*," and emphasises at the same time the play's lurid Italianate romance. In Dumas's story we find a triple Shaksperian parallel. Gabrielle de Belle-Isle, the innocent and mother-

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen received the Colonial Premiers and their wives in farwell audience at Windsor on Wednesday afternoon last week. After luncheon the Prime Ministers presented addresses to her Majesty; and the women of Victoria and of Western Australia each sent an address on their own account, which Lady Turner and Lady Forrest presented. The Queen made gracious replies; and the Premiers, before returning to town, were sworn into the Privy Council.

The Queen, on Saturday, received at Windsor the local addresses of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London. Her Majesty afterwards entertained at a garden party the delegates of the International Congress of Naval Engineers and their wives, to the number of nearly six hundred.

The Colonial Premiers have been kept very busy with their pleasures again. On Saturday night they divided themselves, five of their number dining at the St. George's Club, Hanover Square: a memorable dinner, if only for Mr. Goschen's announcement, "To-day I received an ironclad at the hands of a British Colony." The cheers greeting that statement were renewed when Sir Gordon Sprigg responded for Cape Colony—the donor of the first-class war-ship in question.

Others of the Colonial Premiers—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Seddon, and Mr. Reid—were absent from the banquet because they were paying a visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. Though men of mature years and of many affairs, they are still hero-worshippers; and they took their chance of seeing the Grand Old Man of English politics while they could have it. A brief visit was also paid to the Duke of Westminster, and Sunday was spent with Lord Carrington.

Mr. J. H. Reid, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, who had a banquet all to himself and to his own colony on Monday night, referred to the conferences of the Premiers at the Colonial Office as having been highly satisfactory, though not sensational, in their results.

The South Africa Committee placed its report on the table of the House of Commons on Tuesday last. The Committee agrees upon the unjustifiable character of Dr. Jameson's Raid, and while exonerating Lord Rosmead and Mr. Chamberlain from all blame in the matter, comments severely on the conduct of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Labouchere has contributed a separate report, dealing in stronger terms with Mr. Rhodes's connection with the Raid, and urging the restoration of their commissions to the officers who took part in it under Dr. Jameson's leadership.

The dispute in the engineering trade has developed into a great strike, the remaining seventy-five per cent. of the Union men having retaliated on the lock-out of twenty-five per cent. with which the federated employers throughout the kingdom met the original strike of London engineers, by quietly leaving work simultaneously with their fellows. The strike began on Tuesday, the night workmen leaving their work in the morning, and the day workmen at night; and within a few hours nearly twenty thousand men were out of employment, up and down the country, as the result of the strike of 850 of their number in London for an eight-hours day. Several London firms met the crisis by announcing their decision to grant the eight-hours day.

President Faure on Tuesday opened the new Mirabeau Bridge over the Seine in Paris, in the presence of the Municipal Council and a large assemblage of spectators. The evening of the same day brought the opening of the "National Fête," ushered in by a torchlight procession. A feature of this year's fête is the giving of free dinners to the poor in the night refuges.

The calling out of the military in Calcutta last week effectually quieted the riots, though an atmosphere of general uneasiness and apprehension seems still to prevail. According to the Russian Press the Mohammedan discontent has been inflamed by Turkish emissaries. The Dumas l'untive Expedition has lost a number of sentinels by the shots of Waziris and other unfriendly tribesmen, who have attempted no organised opposition as yet, but lurk around the camp and pick off the outposts. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, bound for Saigai and thence for Tochi, have suffered great extremities from the intense heat.

The failure of the Sultan's appeal to individual Powers at last promises some settlement of the Greco-Turkish question. The replies of all the Powers agreed in stating plainly to the Porte it must accept the terms proposed by the Ambassadors without further delay. To a further Note from the Porte, proposing the despatch of Turkish reinforcements for the maintenance of order in Crete, the Powers replied in strong negative terms, but it is probable that the proposal was merely a move in the Sultan's strategic game for the prolonging of the deadlock. Crete remains meanwhile in a very troubled state. The latest disturbances caused by the Bashi-Bazouks led to some sharp fighting between them and the British troops at Candia, in the course of which sixteen of the British force and a great many Bashi-Bazouks were killed.

Sharp fighting between the Khalifa's troops and a large force of the Janin tribe is reported from Metammeh, which has been occupied by the Khalifa's men after their repulse of the enemy.



THE LATE GENERAL ALFRED HEYLAND, C.B.



THE LATE LORD HINDLIP.



THE LATE EARL OF SEFTON.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM MENDES.

less country girl, who sues a city profligate for the release of her imprisoned brother, recalls Shakspeare's Isabella. The Duc de Richelieu's boast that he will enter the young lady's boudoir at midnight—a wager accepted by her betrothed husband, the Chevalier d'Aubigny—is on all fours with Iachimo's cynical bet. And the audacious device by which the unwitting Duke keeps the assignation with his old flame, the Marquise de Prie, and not with that lady's protégée, resembles similar cases of substitution in "Measure for Measure" and "All's Well that Ends Well." Dumas's own contribution to the dramatic scheme consists of an exciting duel by throw of the dice, witty and modish dialogue, and a characteristic morality inseparable from the exaltation of "honour." Surely, too, we can detect signs of Mr. Grundy's collaboration in the play's new-fangled sexual ethics—in the Puritanic rhetoric of the heroine and the last dying confession of the repentant rake. To the interpretation of this piece of mundane sentiment and licentious intrigue, the four leading players lend a general tone of plausibility and intelligence. We can hardly conceive a more passionate and virile Chevalier than sombre Mr. Waller, or a more innocent, grave, and pathetic Gabrielle than beautiful Miss Millard. To bring out the full force of Richelieu's character one requires either the defiant insolence of a Terriss or the insinuating suavity of an Alexander. Mr. Tree misses the essential gaiety and charm of the man. Still, his Duke has grace and distinction—no small merits in an impersonation of this kind. Mrs. Tree's Marquise, too—suggesting the Paris of 1897 rather than that of 1726—is a stylish sou-brette rather than a courtly grande dame. But the actress's fascinations of voice and manner suffice to make of the Duke's mistress an attractive enough figure. And appropriate furniture and beautiful dresses of the period combine with the personal charms of Miss Millard and Mrs. Tree to decorate and adorn this pleasant and piquant production.



THE CHARLES DICKENS FÊTE AT BROADSTAIRS.



BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY ABBEY ALTON.

IT was a week after Maire, Terence Lally's wife, had died, at the birth of her fourth child, that the seal was flung up out of the storm on the sand-strewn slope before Terence Lally's cottage-door. Lonely, lonely is Derrycarn, where they laid Maire to rest, with its three tall cypresses blown slanting by the sea-wind, and the one gable of its ruined Abbey standing shoulder-high among the long grasses, grey with sea-sand and whitened with the bones of the dead. Maire had ever been timid and scared of them that walk between the dusk and the dawn. It was hard that she must come to lie in the place that had always been most fearsome to her, and to lie there under the earth with the dead bones for company while the feet of the living tramped away to warm firesides and talk and laughter.

Terence Lally was for flinging the seal back in the sea at first, but as he stood looking at it, all wet and shining, it lifted its great piteous brown eyes to him with a more than human appeal. Terence started and turned pale.

"The creature has the eyes of Maire when I was angry," he said, as he crossed himself and turned away.

The seal dragged itself over the threshold, and none forbade it. It came to the chimney corner where the cradle was, and crept into the warm shadows. One or another of the neighbours came in to see the strange beast.

"'Twill abide with you," said one, "for 'tis easy to see the creature is young, and not used to its own element."

And another—

"'Tis a terrible lucky thing entirely to happen to you, Terence Lally. I wish it was by my door it had come insinuating itself. Lashins and lavins' of gold it'll bring in its train, an' you mark my words."

Maeve Brennan, who said this, was a wise woman, and her words weighed with Terence Lally, for every Lally of them that ever lived was eager after the money.

"It shall bide then," he said, "and my blessing on it"; and when he had said it, the poor dumb beast, crouched by the cradle, turned a look of gratitude on him that gave him a pain in his heart. So used Maire look at him when he gave her the soft word, and that was not often. God forgive him!

Well, whether there was anything in the wise woman's talk or not, as the time passed the greatest prosperity that ever was came to Terence Lally. His crops thrive and his sheep increased, and he took to fattening a few bullocks now and again, and to rearing an odd little horse for Cahercon Fair. The time came that the cottage was so smothered in gold and yellow ricks that you could hardly see it for substance, and the fields were dotted over with the little mountain sheep, with here and there a fine black or strawberry calf among them. The neighbours said that the Lallys could have meat to their dinner every day if they liked; but Terence wasn't one to like spending. It

pleased him better to hoard the gold in a long stocking stuck in a hole of the thatch, and to live hard, as his father had done before him.

Terence was out mostly all day seeing to his land or his stock or his fishing, and little Oona, ten years old, kept the house, and minded the children. It was happier so, for Terence was a surly man, and not much comfort in it when he was in the house. Still, it was noticed that he never had an ill word for the seal, and the creature seemed to be as happy as a much-petted dog, sitting there in the chimney corner by the cradle, and looking lovingly out of its soft brown eyes.

Every night it returned to its own element, and sometimes in the day as well. That would be after Terence was out of the way, and when the baby was asleep. If the child happened to wake during these times it would miss the seal and begin to whimper, and presently the seal would come drugging up the field and hurrying into the house on its great wet flappers; and when the baby would hear the slooshing of it on the clay floor he would stop crying and put his thumb in his mouth and sleep again.

All the children loved the seal and the seal them, but the baby most of all; perhaps, because the first thing he took notice of was the sleek head and the kind eyes looking over the wattles of his basket-cradle.

In the afternoon, when little Oona had swept up the house and set a few sods of turf on the fire, that was a happy time for the children. The elder child, who was a little mother to the rest, would gather the curly heads about her and sing songs or make them stories, and the seal, you would have said, was the happiest one in that circle.

Then the time came when the baby began to walk alone, and in the long summer days, when the other children had gone off to school to the iron hut in the valley, to find his toys and his playmates on the sandy slope before the cottage door, with its drift of seaweed and shells and gaily coloured pebbles such as a child loves. There he would sit all day in the sun, with no other companion than the seal, who, if anyone came by that way would make them laugh with its serious air and its clumsy gait. Oona was weighed down with the cares of housekeeping, the scrubbing and cleaning, and washing and mending. She would not have known what to do if she had had a great, wilful baby-boy on her hands as well. How could she have followed him up and down, and put by her work to be his playmate? All this the seal did for her; and the child with the seal was like a lusty child with its nurse, coaxing and petting and confiding, and as often as not bullying. As the boy grew strong and big and would wander to the rocks and the shore, and would pursue his playfellows, the waves, as they confronted him and retreated, the seal's task was no light one to turn him from

the danger, and coax him to the safe places. No harm ever came to the child. The neighbours used to wonder, seeing the seal and the little lad together, at the wisdom that love had put into the heart of the poor sea-beast.

And so all went well till in an ill hour Terence Lally took it into his head to marry again. It was another Maire, but whereas the first Maire was known as Maire Bawn, that is the Fair, because of her milk-white skin and pale hair, this Maire was known over the island as Maire Rua—that is the Red.

If Terence Lally was led to her by the money, as people said, she was able to put her comether on him soon enough, money or no money. She lived the other side of the island, and was an heiress in her own right. Land and stock and beasts had come to her from her father, and nothing had lost value in her hands. She had had many seeking her in marriage, but she was suspicious that they wanted her gear more than her. Yet she might well be sought for herself. She had the white skin of the red-haired, powdered with golden freckles. Her bare throat was like a pillar of snow. The great twist of her red hair she could hardly carry upon her small head, and her reddish-brown eyes had a golden fire in them. But her temper and her tongue frightened away the lads.

She was no longer young when Terence Lally sought her in marriage. He was richer than she was, so that her gibe to her other suitors was out of place to him. He was still handsome and young enough; and if he, too, had temper, she thought no worse of him for that. The children, to be sure, were a drawback, but then little Oona was a useful child and would take much of that care off her hands.

Terence Lally for her sake spent some of the contents of the stocking in making the house fit to receive so handsome and well-dowered a bride.

She would have the children in one end of the house and herself in another. She was not a bad-hearted woman, except for her temper, and it was not to be expected of her that she should be ready to mother the dead woman's children. She was so busy with her dairy and her calf-feeding and pig-rearing that she did not meddle much with the children. Oona looked to them as of old, and the step-mother was a stranger to them, which was perhaps the best thing that could have happened.

For the seal she had never any great warmth, but so long as it did not come bringing its trail of sea-water and sea-sand in her end of the house the thing did not matter.

She was happy with her husband, who loved her with an outspoken passion uncommon in an islander. Her beauty was a delight to him, and her step in the house music. And she was all as much taken up with him till the child came.

A puny thing it was, and a wonder for the child of so

fine a mother: little and yellow and half-starved before it was born. But Maire Rua loved it the better for that. She would snatch it to her breast with a fierce jealous pang whenever she came on little Terence in the sunshine. Terence, her dead rival's child, burnt gold by the sun and the sea-wind, and round and strong and beautiful to delight the mother's heart. Her love was so much for her little Owen that she thought less of Terence Lally. There are women who never really love but the child of their body, and of these was Maire Rua. The man felt the change in her, and loved the child the less. Unwisely he took to noticing little Terence more than of old.

But as soon as little Owen could crawl, his heart turned from his mother to his brother. His love and admiration for Terence were great, and he would go creeping after him over the sea-sand before he could stand upright to make a shadow in the sun.

Terence accepted his fondness, though a baby of one year is a stupid thing and a hindrance to a baby of four.

the sands where it had been drawn up to be mended. But the high tide had caught it and set it loose, and it was now swaying about with the water lapping at its bows.

The children had been indoors a day or so because of the storm, and Terence was as unruly as a strong little colt that has been in the stable for days. As he looked about him for some mischief to be doing he spied the boat, and clapped his hands with a great shriek of joy. Little Owen shrieked after him, and clapped his little hands, as he would have done if Terence had proposed to throw him over the gunwale.

The children clambered into the boat. Terence, as he had seen the fishermen do, took an oar and tried to push off. His strength would not have been equal to it, but that just then a great wave came shouting up and took the boat upon it and drifted it out in the water.

The sun went in then, for it was only a lull in the storm, and the wind began to clap its wings and shriek like a multitude of seagulls. Up and down, up and down

Suddenly an answering shriek smote upon her ear. It was something so strange, half human, half brute, in its terror and anguish, that the distracted woman stood and trembled. The boat was still churning about in the waves, but no longer up and down with them. It was settling heavily with its weight of water, and though she could not see it, the two little ones, still clinging together, were half buried in the sea.

But the seal, the seal! There it was bobbing up and down in the waves. She could but see its sleek black head, and it was making fast for the children. She stood like one turned to stone, and the prayers froze on her lips. She saw the boat sink at last, and then two little specks of white, the pinafores the children were wearing, came to the top, and went rising and falling in the waves with a horrible helplessness. They were still tangled together, for Terence had caught little Owen's pinafore and held it in a drowning clutch. She could not pray now nor scream. She felt her brain and her heart hang dead within her.



Terence, though he was growing full of fear, put his arm round the baby brother and tried to comfort him.

Maire Rua watched the friendship between the children with eyes in which a spark of jealousy smouldered. But what could she do? The minute her eye was off Owen he was creeping to Terence, chuckling and crowing as he went.

Presently they were building shell-castles together on the sands, and laying out houses and fields and ditches with the round pebbles; and when the tide had gone out and left little pools of clear water between the rocks, the children would go wriggling over the slippery sea-weed to find tiny crabs in the sandy depths. The day was full of employment and pleasure for them from morning to night; and through the hours of the day the seal would lie basking on the rocks watching over the children.

But, one day, when Terence was five and little Owen two, they were alone on the sands. There had been a tempest the night before, and now the clouds were broken up and rifts of watery sunshine lay on the waves, that were crying and sobbing themselves to sleep like one whose passion is spent. That morning the seal had heard the sea-voices calling her, and had slipped over the edge of the rocks, and away through the turbulent water to the caves beyond.

Now, as misfortune would have it, there was an old boat of Terence Lally's, leaking and half rotten, lying on

in the trough of the waves went the boat, and there came a grey swirl of water about the children's feet.

Then little Owen began to cry, terrified at what he saw in Terence's face. Terence, though he was growing full of fear, put his arm round the baby brother and tried to comfort him, hiding Owen's wet face against the sleeve of his jacket. The boat rocked less now, for she was growing full of water.

It was at this moment that Maire Rua came to the door of the house, and, looking over the sands, wondered where the children might be. Not seeing them, she came out and a little way down, and looked all about, but there was no sign of them. Then her eyes wandered to the grey waste of waters, and far out on the crest of a wave she saw the children clinging to each other in the boat.

"Oh, my God!" she cried; "the children! God in Heaven, my Owen! God! what am I to do?"

She ran to the edge of the sea distracted, and up and down the sands crying on God. Unless a miracle should save them she knew they were doomed. Their father was away at a distant fair. Oona and the others were at school. There was no one to help her. Therefore she cried on God, though Maire Rua was never good at the praying.

But still there was the seal. The black head reached the children and then turned and made for land. The little white pinafores followed in its trail. Maire Rua's life came back to her as she watched the seal struggling against the outgoing tide.

After a long struggle it reached the rocks and dragged itself up. Maire Rua was there before it, on her knees, with all her wild hair about her, holding imploring hands for what the seal brought. Little Terence clung to the seal's neck with what might be a death grip. Her baby Owen, dragged over the rocks and the sands, he held by the pinafore. Maire Rua flung herself down, and tore her boy from Terence's cold hand. She saw that the little face was bruised and disfigured. Flinging the other child from her she rushed to the house, and, stripping her boy, laid him before the fire. But, alas! what fire of earth could warm the cold limbs to life? The life, never very strong in the little lad, had been washed from its resting place, and when Terence Lally came home it was to find his wife, with the face of a corpse, rocking in her arms a dead baby.

But Terence the seal had warmed with her body and brought to life, so that even as his father looked down on the dead child, the living, snatched from death, stood in the doorway.

Little Owen was laid to rest, and the young grass grew over him, but the fire of his mother's anguish knew no abating. She was in rebellion against the Will, and woe to them that are so! Why should Terence be left and Owen taken? All day she flung the question against the walls of heaven, and there came back to her no answer.

Her beauty became disfigured. Her beautiful hair was dull and roughened; her golden skin had turned yellow, except for the two fierce fires that burned in her cheeks, and in her eyes smouldered an anger and unrest terrible to see. She looked like a woman devoured by an inward fire, and there were those who said that Maire Rua was dying.

There had grown up in her heart a fierce anger against the seal. To Terence, indeed, she grudged the sun while her own little boy lay in the dark, but the seal she hated worse. It had saved Terence, and it had not saved Owen. If you said to her that the creature had done its best, she would answer that it had brought the ill-luck on her and hers. She had always known it would be so. Didn't the world know that it had always loved Maire Bawn's child and hated hers?

The seal, as if it knew, poor beast, kept out of the house and out of the distraught woman's way. But that was not enough. Day after day, night after night, she brooded upon it that the seal must cease to trouble her. If it could be killed, so much the better; but if it could not, it must go or she would kill it with her own hand. Perhaps in her heart she knew that the seal would rather die than be sent away, poor dumb thing that had set its love on Terence Lally's children.

The man was lost with trouble over the change in his wife.

"What is there to do for you, pulse of my heart?" he would say; "tell me, and, no matter what it costs, it must be done."

And she, with the fires of madness in her eyes, and her hand pressed to her side, as though she had a mortal hurt, would answer—

"Can you bring back the dead? You cannot, and that you can do, you will not do."

Terence Lally stood out for long. The seal had brought him good luck, and had saved the life of his child. But could he go on resisting the woman who had taken the heart out of his body?

The day came when, amid the screams of the children, the seal was dragged with ropes to a fishing-boat that put in below Terence Lally's house. The man stood by as

white as death, his face turned from the imploring eyes of the seal, that were like the eyes of a woman, and were full of heavy tears.

"Do not hurt it," he said to the captain of the fishing-fleet, that was bound for Scotland, as he counted the coin into his palm. "Drop it overboard when you are a day's journey from land."

The second night after that, as the children sat lonely round the hearth-fire, there was the dragging of a heavy wet body outside the door, and when they had opened it, the seal, sorely spent, dragged herself over the threshold into the midst of them.

Terence Lally did not dare to tell his wife. Since the

have come without chart or compass those miles and miles of sea? The thing to do is to put out her eyes, and then let her be carried to sea."

But Terence Lally cried that he would have nothing to do with it, and his soul was full of horror. But presently he came to the wise man, and said that the thing should be done, but he was not to know the day or the hour; and so it was done.

Many days passed, and there was no word of the seal. Maire Rua looked almost happy, but Terence as if a heavy sickness had fallen on him. By day he wandered without ceasing, muttering to himself, and at night he would start out of his sleep, sweating, and crying that he had burnt

out Maire Bawn's eyes. And the love of his wife became without comfort to him.

Alas and alas! One morning, when little Oona opened the cottage door to the dancing sun, there lay the blind seal sobbing her last breath. Piteously had she fought the sea and the tempest, and the rocks her blind eyes had not warned her of had torn great wounds in her breast and her side. And even as the children came running to her with cries of love she uttered a great sob and turned on her side, and was dead.

After that neither luck nor grace had Terence Lally. His prosperity withered off him as the flesh from his bones. All at once he was an old man, and bitter. The love between him and Maire Rua ceased, and they sat in each end of the house with the width of it between them for hatred.

Once more men saw the seal. It was the night they were waking Terence Lally, and there was many a one saw, aye, and passed close to, the great black shape crouched by the threshold. But surely the seal came in forgiveness.

not in anger, for a gentler woman than Maire Bawn never walked this earth. Her one sin was that she loved those she left behind better than the joys of Heaven, and that sin God had permitted her to expiate.

THE END.

Madame Putti's last concert for this season was in every way a great Albert Hall success. She herself, in excellent voice, sang the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," Mozart's "Vedrai carino," Rossini's "Una voce poco fa," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Comin' thro' the Rye." In this last song she was particularly successful, and her highly dramatic gesture added largely to the general effectiveness of her singing, so far as this song went. She was supported by admirable artists, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Miss Ada Crossley, and a programme to a large extent composed of mediocre English ballads was received with enthusiasm.



When Terence Lally came home it was to find his wife, with the face of a corpse, rocking in her arms a dead baby.

LONDON'S TIDEWAY.—Drawn by G. Montbard.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

While Folly and Fashion go hand in hand to Henley year after year in midsummer, the true lover of London never wearies of the Thames from Hammersmith to the Nore. The dainty house-boat and the slim race-gig give place in the lower reaches of the river to the bulky barge, the lounging lugger, the grim collier, and the mighty

moods find an excellent response in the variety of Father Thames. Nothing, indeed, can change this note of variety in the river as it runs by London town. There is its combined beauty as a mere example of scenery; there is its long story in the making of the Metropolis; and to-day it flows before us as a vivid object-lesson of the commerce



HAMMERSMITH NEW BRIDGE.

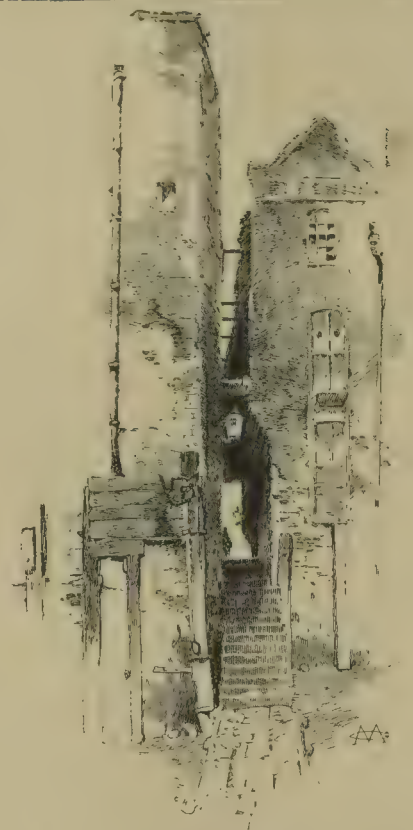
passenger-steamers that unite the world. The grey old wharves, the lapping liquid mud, the banks of brick, and the stretches of bleak foreland—all these things separately may have little of beauty; yet viewed as a panorama they are of supreme interest, and become fascinating through familiarity. "Earth has not anything to show more fair." The quotation is inevitable, but it is none the less true; and the subtle appreciation of the inherent beauty of London's waterway is emphasised when one remembers that Wordsworth, unlike Johnson, was no city bird, but knew Nature in those lonelier and more abstract aspects which depend for half their charm on the total absence of life. And Wordsworth was but one of the great line of poets who had praised the river, their successors to-day forming a small but enthusiastic chorus of panegyrists whose

of the world, of the progress of engineering, and of England's greatness. It is this kaleidoscopic charm that never loses the power to appeal, that increases in interest with the accumulated resources of romance and wealth.

Looking on London Bridge alone, you start from the beginning of London's history, and the very modernity of the modern structure serves only to show the immense distance we have travelled in developing the capital of the world's commerce. Think of the crazy structure that stood on piles, with its row of houses, its chapel in memory of a Becket, its drawbridge, the poles on which were exposed the heads of traitors from William Wallace and Sir Thomas More to Jack Cade. Folly and fashion were drawn thither in times of yore—

There often well-trimmed wherry glided along
Smart boats and giggling belles, a glittering
throng.

And the swan that swam under
the bridge was claimed by the



LANE LEADING TO THE THAMES BETWEEN LONDON BRIDGE AND THE TOWER BRIDGE.

Lieutenant of the Tower as his perquisite. The bridge, as we know it, with its five arches—but a fourth of those that formed its picturesque predecessor—is essentially prosaic. And yet, with a true instinct for what it represents, Queen Victoria made it a crossing point of her pilgrimage



STORING COAL NEAR LONDON BRIDGE.

WHARF NEAR LONDON BRIDGE.

L O N D O N ' S T I D E W A Y .



LAMBETH BRIDGE AND HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM NEW WHARF.



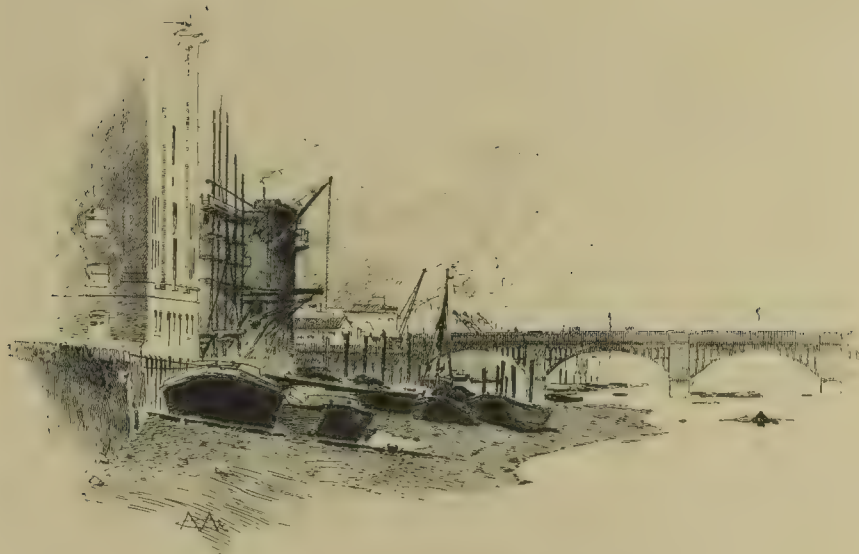
THE TAP-ROOM OF THE BREWERS' ARMS.

L O N D O N ' S T I D E W A Y .



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM SUFFERANCE WHARF.

L O N D O N ' S T I D E W A Y .



VAUXHALL BRIDGE FROM PROVIDENCE WHARF.

BILLINGSGATE
FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

TRINITY CHURCH AND VAUXHALL BRIDGE.



WATERLOO BRIDGE FROM THE FLOATING FIRE STATION.

among her people. The wharves that line the river at this point still retain an old-fashioned air, despite their steam-cranes and their bustle, which presents a strange contrast to the atmosphere of modernity that encompasses the Tower Bridge; while still more antiquated are the dim, narrow alleys that open on the river between the cañon-like walls of mighty storehouses; and the old tap-rooms in the vicinity, where the flagon of foaming ale may yet be had, belong to a generation that has been blotted out in the great areas of western London.

The rare old bridge monopolised the waterway of London until 1738, when Westminster Bridge arose, while east of it the river was impassable to foot-passengers until the other week, when the magnificent tunnel at Blackwall was thrown open to the public. For London, as we know it, is not a mushroom growth; indeed, it carries its past traditions down to the present moment, as a passage such as Marigold Stairs, near Blackfriars Bridge, still proves. Side by side with the latter stands the hideous lattice girder railway-bridge which destroys the appearance of the river so much at this point, but which emphasises that adjustment to modern conditions which London has always had to undergo, so that the relics of its early history are few. It is the conditions of modern life that have polluted the river for many years with a torrent of sewage, which makes Denham's eulogy about "The silver-footed Thamesis" ridiculous; but at last we have reached a point of scientific treatment which, while still utilising the river as the great conduit of refuse to the sea, will also admit of fish coming westward as far as Westminster.

The bend of the river between Blackfriars and Westminster has scarcely a rival in the world. Viewed from Adelphi Terrace, the panorama ranges from the Crystal Palace to St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, St. Thomas's Hospital and the Bishop's Palace at Lambeth, while in midstream Waterloo Bridge still stands true to Canova's praise. The deceptiveness of the perspective caused by the commanding sweep of the river is most picturesquely shown at night, perhaps, as one watches the glimmer of lamps along the Victoria Embankment from Westminster Bridge, intercepted by the cloud of smoke from the puffing trains that emerge from Charing Cross Station and vanish on the Surrey bank into a desert of mean streets and dreary brick tenements. The Houses of Parliament themselves, looked at from Sufferance Wharf, are majestic beyond measure. To a totally different age belongs Lambeth Palace on the opposite bank, the Church thus facing the State in stone and lime, as if symbolical of an ancient antagonism, that has been brought to a pacific conclusion. The Albert Embankment tells the story of municipal progress; while on the Middlesex side, the disappearance of Millbank Prison, which has given place to Mr. Tate's art-gallery, speaks of a finer development. It is but a short journey on the river that M. Montbard has pictured in these pages, yet through what a varied scene does the river wend its way, from the palaces on the west—Church, State, guest-houses, education and law, and whatnot—far down to the great magazines of industry where the whole world pours its produce! The river east of London Bridge will undoubtedly undergo many changes, but it is unlikely that it will be spanned by any more bridges, for the simple reason that these obstruct shipping; and the enormous advances that have been made in the science of tunnelling now allow of vast passages being burrowed through the bed of the river, however bad that may be, from shore to shore.

MARIGOLD STAIRS,
NEAR BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.
Photo Robert Paulsen and Co.



NEW GALLOPING GUN DESIGNED BY THE EARL OF DUNDONALD: HARASSING THE ENEMY'S INFANTRY COLUMNS.



NEW GALLOPING GUN DESIGNED BY THE EARL OF DUNDONALD: ADVANCING TO THE FRONT.



POLO MATCH AT RANELAGH BEFORE THE COLONIAL VISITORS.



GALATEA (Cruiser).

WARSPITE (War-Ship).

THUNDERER (War-Ship).

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—STEAM TACTICS OF THE RESERVE SQUADRON: CHANGING DIRECTION.

Drawn on Board the "Sanspareil" by our Special Artist with the Fleet, Mr. C. J. de Lacy.



Mrs. Long's Poodle "Black Satin."
The Hon. Mrs. Algernon Bourke's "Mouse" (Chihuahua).

Miss Kate Stephens' St. Bernard "Trafalgar."
The Princess of Wales's Borzoi "Alex."
Mrs. Hood-Wright's Deerhound "Selwood Fealer."

PREMIERSHIP PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION'S SHOW AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In the whole of his prosperous and triumphant career, Henri Meilhac made but one enemy, but he proved irreconcilable. He was a distinguished Hollenist who at the premiere of "La Belle Hélène" found himself in the Théâtre des Variétés. I have never been able to make out whether he went thither of his own accord, tempted by the title on the playbills, and expecting to see a classical tragedy, or was inveigled by some friends who wanted to hoax him. The former may have been the case, for strange mistakes and deceptions occur now and again in connection with titles.

It is on record that the celebrated historian von Sybel, looking over a bookstall one day, espied a volume entitled "La Vie de Bohème." He came to the conclusion that he had hit upon a collection of essays dealing with the social life of the Czechs; and, being in a hurry, he paid for the book, and without glancing at it, put it into his pocket. Of course, it turned out to be Henri Murger's novel, but von Sybel, far from being angry, declared that he had never enjoyed a greater treat than the perusal of that tome. A similar thing happened to my friend, the late Henri van Laun, at the time I was assisting him with his translation of Molière. Students of dramatic literature are aware that the notes constitute not the least valuable part of the performance, and my dear friend seemed never weary of adding to them. He, too, was pressed for time when he snatched Beards' "Theatre" from the barrow of a vendor of second-hand books in Goudge Street, under the impression that he had unearthed a forgotten and, to him, unknown playwright. Beards' "Theatre" was a collection of sermons.

The classical scholar just alluded to may, as I surmised, have deceived himself like that. It is, however, my private opinion that some of his friends were to blame. When Meilhac took the seat at the Académie vacated by the death of Labiche—another French dramatist to whom Mr. Sydney Grundy owes considerable thanks—Renan, commenting upon the absence of the Hollenist, vaguely hinted at some practical joke; at any rate, the elder Academician was not there to welcome his newly elected fellow. Meilhac expressed his regret and, it is said, offered to redeem the offence of having held Homer's heroes up to ridicule by writing a new play in conjunction with his new colleague, in which Helen, Menelaus, and the rest should be restored to their immortal dignity; which offer, it was whispered at the time (1888) simply widened the breach.

This, I repeat, was the only living creature who had not a good word to say for the co-author of "La Grande Duchesse," "Prou-Prou," "La Boule" (Hot Water), "Carmen," and a dozen other pieces, the names of which are household words to playgoers all over the world. Meilhac was, in his inmost heart, very sorry, not because he was conscious of having given offence with his *travesti*, but because, although a practical joker himself, he felt that the experiment practised on the man of learning had hurt him in his (the learned man's) most cherished convictions. For no better-natured being than Meilhac ever breathed; albeit that no man was ever put out more easily than he. No deserving or, for the matter of that, no undeserving cause for charity was ever submitted to him in vain; yet he would fret and chafe and splutter, nay, frequently rave, at being beaten at his favourite game of billiards, the whole of the stakes of which amounted to no more than one franc. A game of billiards with Henri Meilhac was almost as trying an ordeal to his opponent's temper as was a game of *carté* with Gambetta. I have seen both engaged in that manner, and the resemblance between the two was, to say the least, remarkable. Both became almost violently abusive when getting the worse; both shrieked and shouted with boyish delight if successful. A skilful stroke elicited from Henri Meilhac a kind of war-whoop, accompanied by the brandishing of his cue like a club or spear, all of whose proceedings, but for his modern garb, gave him a close resemblance to a Sioux or Comanche, and filled the stranger to his hospitable home with scarcely disguised surprise.

For strangers made their appearance now and again in his apartments in the Rue Drouot, whence he removed to the Place de la Madeleine. As a rule, though, the company consisted of old acquaintances and friends, and these *soirées* were held in the afternoon from four to seven. Ernest Reyer, the composer of "Sigurd"; Ludovic Halévy, Meilhac's principal collaborator; Papa Dupin, whose age no one knew, and whose first piece dated from 1807; Cholier, a very clever actor, who, like Auber and Jacque, the etcher, was never seen without his hat; and Charles Narrey, another playwright—were rarely absent. Chisafulli, the author of the cleverest farce that ever came before the footlights—namely, "Le Petit Ludovic," was not so constant in his visits as the others, and was addicted to whist rather than to billiards. But the *clou* (read, the sensational incident) of the afternoon's entertainment was invariably the one game of billiards played between Reyer and the host. There were rarely two, for Reyer generally beat Meilhac, and then there was an end of the fun. While it lasted it was simply side-splitting. It reminded one of that celebrated game played one night after a dinner-party at Pouché's between the then famous Minister of Police and an equally famous tragedian. They (Pouché and Talma) began by paying each other compliments on their skill. "Bravo, you great artist!" exclaimed Pouché. "Admirable indeed, M. le Ministre!" cried Talma in his turn. Suddenly the Minister's luck turned; he gave himself away and got angry. "Your turn, you vile mummer!" he shrieked. "After you, you d—d spy!" And so they went on. Meilhac was not quite so bad, but nearly. And this was the man who, at the beginning of his career, when he produced pieces really as clever of their kind as his later ones, remained unmoved amidst yells, catcalls, and hisses. A good, kindly, upright, and sterling fellow for all that. Peace be to his ashes.

CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W H GRUNDY.—White's first move is too strong. There is an unwritten law of problem composition which forbids the capture of a piece as a key move.
A P (Bombay).—You have sent no solution to your problem, which we must have before examination. Kindly enclose diagram and solution together.
W FILLASION.—Thanks for problems, which are very acceptable.
R SHERET.—Your name appeared as a successful solver in our issue of June 12.
C A ALVES (Bowden).—The best for your purpose is "Chess Openings; Ancient and Modern," second edition, which can be obtained through any bookseller. But we are not quite sure the price is exactly what you quote.
QUESTIONS FOR PROBLEM No. 2765 received from Fred Long (Spartan); of No. 2766 from C A M Penang and Corporal G A Gilbert (Penang); of No. 2767 from Nikhilnath Maitra (Chinsing), C A M Penang, Corporal G A Gilbert (Penang), and Stuart Mowse (Singapore); of No. 2768 from C A M Penang; of No. 2769 from Thomas I. Leonard (Bristol); of No. 2770 from C A M Penang; of No. 2771 from C A M Penang; of No. 2772 from C A M Penang; of No. 2773 from C A M Penang; of No. 2774 from C A M Penang; of No. 2775 from C A M Penang; of No. 2776 from C A M Penang; of No. 2777 from C A M Penang; of No. 2778 from C A M Penang; of No. 2779 from C A M Penang; of No. 2780 from C A M Penang; of No. 2781 from C A M Penang; of No. 2782 from C A M Penang; of No. 2783 from C A M Penang; of No. 2784 from C A M Penang; of No. 2785 from C A M Penang; of No. 2786 from C A M Penang; of No. 2787 from C A M Penang; of No. 2788 from C A M Penang; of No. 2789 from C A M Penang; of No. 2790 from C A M Penang; of No. 2791 from C A M Penang; of No. 2792 from C A M Penang; of No. 2793 from C A M Penang; of No. 2794 from C A M Penang; of No. 2795 from C A M Penang; of No. 2796 from C A M Penang; of No. 2797 from C A M Penang; of No. 2798 from C A M Penang; of No. 2799 from C A M Penang; of No. 2800 from C A M Penang; of No. 2801 from C A M Penang; 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THE BRITISH MISSION TO ABYSSINIA.

Menelik, Emperor of Abyssinia, has certainly been a much-courted monarch of late. In the midst of the intricacies of his negotiations with the Italian Government, Russian and French envoys have journeyed to Addis Abeba, his imperial residence, at the foot of the important hill-station of Entoto, in the Shoa country, to confer with the Abyssinian potentate on questions of frontier delimitation and trading privileges, and the interest aroused in the European Press by contradictory statements as to the exact results of these overtures has now been increased tenfold by the return of the British Mission which, headed by Mr. Rennell Rodd, has visited his Court for the settlement of various questions of similar character, and for the discussion of his attitude towards the forthcoming Anglo-Egyptian advance in the Soudan. The reply of the Emperor Menelik to Mr. Rodd has been circumstantially set forth, but unfortunately, without authority, and the exact measure of success attained by the British Mission is therefore still to be made known. That it was successful is, however, sufficiently proved not only by the honour shown to its members by Menelik on their departure, but by the important announcement that the Abyssinian Emperor has undertaken to preserve a benevolent neutrality towards the Anglo-Egyptian operations in the Soudan.

Mr. Rodd and his companions were treated with great honour throughout their visit to Menelik's Court; and the scene of their reception, as described by Prince Henry of Orleans, who was present, must have been a very striking one, of which not the least significant feature was the presence of representatives of the recent French and Russian Missions. After giving Mr. Rennell Rodd his hand, Menelik signed to his English visitors to be seated. Speaking chiefly in French, which was translated to the Abyssinian monarch by an interpreter, Mr. Rodd introduced himself and his Mission, the announcement that he brought a letter from Queen Victoria being greeted by a



THE EMPEROR MENELIK II. OF ABYSSINIA.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Finland has had a most successful visit to England, having been received everywhere with a warm welcome. There is no proposal at present for a formal union between the English and the Russian Church, but the High Church party are hopeful. They say that if reunion takes place at all it will in all probability be through the Russian Orthodox Church. The Orthodox Church does not insist on Infallibility or on the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

The *Church Times* is indignant at the "unexampled manner" in which Nonconformist ministers have taken part in cathedral and parish church services of late. It says: "When a parish priest invites a Separatist preacher to take a share in the public worship of any parish, he commits an act of bigotry and autocratic intrusion upon the rights and liberties of the local people of God." It goes on to assert that in every place the invitation of sectarian preachers to read the lessons has been the high-handed arbitrary act of the parish priest himself, and not the act of the people.

Mr. Alfred Holdsworth, formerly of the *Illustrated Church News*, has been appointed Secretary of the Church Reform League.

There is beginning to be some talk about the policy of Churchmen at the coming London School Board election. It is suggested by Mr. Evelyn Cecil that the Apostles' Creed should be taught along with the Bible and the Lord's Prayer. The Dean of St. Paul's agrees with this view, and says that he cannot see how teaching can be regarded as religious in the Christian sense of the word that includes less.

The Bishop of Durham has issued a little pamphlet advocating exclusive dealing—that is, the practice of purchasing goods only from tradesmen who observe the standard regulations for each trade. The Christian



THE ITALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY AT BIA KABOBA, NEAR HARRAR.



ABYSSINIAN GIRLS.

salute of cannons in the courtyard of the palace. After the presentation of the Queen's letter, Menelik inquired after her Majesty's health, and asked for news of the Greco-Turkish crisis and other matters of European interest. The various members of the Mission were subsequently presented to the Emperor.

Several long conferences between Menelik and his visitors were held on the ensuing days, and the Emperor eventually showed his satisfaction at the terms of the agreement signed by himself and Mr. Rodd by entertaining all the members of the Mission at dinner, and presenting each of its officers with a valuable horse and harness richly ornamented with gold and silver. The Mission left Addis Abeba on May 15, escorted for some distance by upwards of thirty thousand Abyssinian troops and a great number of native chiefs, the crowning compliment of this honour, unpaid to other foreign missions, being the beating of the imperial war-drums, which were borne by mules along the line of march.

The illustrations on this page are from photographs kindly supplied to us by Captain Speedy, interpreter to the Mission.

A class of the travelling public who want have not as yet been fully recognised by our railway authorities will welcome the introduction by the Great Northern Railway of a series of tours for stations between London and Peterborough, to include extended facilities in the form of combined tickets to cover both passengers and cycles, enabling cyclists to alight at one station on the outward journey, and to rejoin the train at another station on the homeward journey. The object of these tours is to enable the cyclist to escape the monotony of the London suburbs. Under the auspices of the company, a special handbook has been prepared by their official tourist agent, Dr. Lunn, giving particulars of sixteen alternative tours, with a capital road-map of each, and much information invaluable to cyclists.



CAPTAIN SPEEDY, INTERPRETER TO THE MISSION.

Social Union suggests that white lists of tradesmen of this kind should be obtainable, and this has been done already at Oxford and at Birkenhead.

The Bishop of Delaware has been telling the Church Army that he works daily from half-past six in the morning till half-past twelve at night.

The Bishop of London and Canon Ainger were among the speakers at the great dinner in connection with the "Dictionary of National Biography" given by Mr. George Smith, the publisher. Canon Ainger's speech was the speech of the evening, excelling even that of Mr. Lecky, who was very happy. His summary of the editor's instructions to his contributors as amounting to "No flowers, by request," excited general hilarity. Bishop Creighton began well, but was too long and dull in the later part. Bishop Stubbs was present, and immensely enjoyed the jokes, but did not speak.

Professor Bryce has been speaking about Christian Missions in India. He thinks that the missionary in India, above all countries, ought to try as much as possible to live among the people in their own ways; in fact, to live more or less in such a way as would make him easily accessible and familiar with young men. The future well-being of India and the permanence of British influence there depended largely upon the progress of the Christian Missions.

The Augustine commemoration at Canterbury is considered to have been very successful. The Archbishop of Canterbury was genial and kind. The lunch given by the Rev. R. French Blake to the Home Reunion Society, over which Earl Nelson presided, was attended by several Nonconformists, of whom Professor Radford Thomson, Dr. Paton, and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes spoke. Dr. Paton said, in a voice that faltered with emotion, that as he watched the beautiful ceremonial he rejoiced at the stately religious sight, that his heart went forth toward the Church of England, and he thanked God for what he had seen. V.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Dracula*. By Bram Stoker. (Archibald Constable and Co.)
Lazarus: A Tale of Earth's Great Miracle. By Lucius Clieve. (Hutchinson and Co.)
My Run Home. By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan and Co.)
The Philanderers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Macmillan and Co.)
The Flight of the King. By Allan Foa. (John Lane.)
Analecta Eboracensia. By Sir Thomas Widdrington. Edited by Rev. Cesar Carr. (G. J. Clark.)
The French Stage in the Victorian Era. By Augustin Filon. Translated by Francis Whyte. (John Milne.)
The Case of Rebellious Susan. By Henry Arthur Jones. (Macmillan and Co.)
Aglavaine and Selysette. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (Grant Richards.)
Impressions of Turkey. By W. M. Ramsay, LL.D., etc. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Gabriele von Bulow: A Memoir Compiled from the Family Papers of Wilhelm von Humboldt and his Children, 1791-1887. Translated by Clara Nordlinger. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
An Irregular Corps in Malabailand. By Lieutenant-Colonel Plumer. (Kegan Paul and Co.)
Unes and Little Englanders. By John Procter. (George Allen.)

Mr. Bram Stoker's "*Dracula*" is a Transylvanian vampire, who has prolonged his devilish life for centuries by draining the blood of maidens while they sleep and till they die; and as vampirism is propagated, like cholera, by contagion, these victims become themselves after death like their destroyers. At this rate, the world to-day would be infested with vampires but for the possibility of destroying them at night in their coffins by impalement. The plot of "*Dracula*," therefore, turns upon the heroic efforts made by two doctors and two lovers to exercise in this way the body of the heroine and to destroy Dracula himself, who had infected her with vampirism while draining away her life-blood. You have but to get over the difficulty of believing in the existence of such monsters in the London of to-day to find "*Dracula*" thrillingly interesting.

While those who believe everything—except the Gospel—will enjoy "*Dracula*," "*Lazarus*" appeals only to those who enjoy the Gospel translated into the style of a penny dreadful. We suppose there are readers so illiterate as to think St. John improved in this grotesque dress: "Nay," said Pilate, "I fear naught, for naught that can befall me can be worse than the dull ache which gnaweth at my heart, which will ache for evermore. Yet how knowest thou not that either this Man's followers seek once more to bewitch the world, or that Caiaphas hath not some plot of base deceit with which he would blind the eyes of the Jews? I will at once to my bath, and go myself and see into this thing; and, if it be true, 'tis I, Pilate, who will be the first to tell that priest of hell, and mark the grinning infamy of his foul smile of dread."

"Rolf Boldrewood" can also be a little high falutin' when he gets on his sacred subject—horses. "The great Yorkshire steed is quiet enough—calm with the mighty strength that enables the gladiator to walk erect, and sole survivor, across the arena, soaked with the heart's blood of comrades. Well, a horse, too, can dare death unflinchingly. They're off!—no—yes, yes. Off! We saw a great race. Saw the satin-skinned crowd flash by, like the dream coursers of an unresting night." But "*My Run Home*" has the go and even gallop of one of its spiritedly described hunts, and carries you along at racing pace. It is odd, by the way, to find the famous epigram Canning introduced into a King's Speech attributed to Burke, and murdered thus: "A new world which would redress the wrongs of the old."

From the boyish breeziness of "*My Run Home*" to the hothouse cynicism of "*The Philanderers*" is a far cry. We cannot say that Mr. Mason has done the high reputation won by "*The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*" justice by his very clever but very repellent study of flirts, fribbles, and mischief-makers he presents to us in "*The Philanderers*." The only personage in the story not beneath contempt is the hero, who errs on the other side by being too heroic. In order to escape the importunate suit of a worthless married woman, he leads not her only, but the whole world, to believe him a scoundrel. This tremendous sacrifice to virtue is made to appear even grotesque by the clogmen of the lady, a few hours later, with another cavalier!

The story of Charles II. will always be interesting, but it has never been treated so fascinatingly as by Mr. Allan Foa, whose beautiful book, "*The Flight of the King*," inaugurates a new departure in history. With infinite pains he has traced every step of the hazardous journey which the King took from Worcester to the Sussex coast after the disastrous battle, and with pen and pencil he has described the present condition and the fate of the various houses which afforded to the runaway King a safe shelter. There is scarce a page that has not a picture of some kind or another, not a point that is not elucidated. As an appendix he reprints the contemporary tracts upon the flight— quaint and curious reading they are too; while the pedigrees which close the volume are full of interest, and give a clear impression of the enormous labour that the book has cost its author and its publisher alike. Further light is thrown on the Lanes of Bentley Hall, who helped the King to escape, in the July number of the *Genealogical Magazine*, in which Mr. Henry Murray Lane, the Chester Herald, deals at length with the famous family.

While the country was plunged in distraction over the course of events that followed the close of the Stuart rule, and fighting out great political issues, a Northumbrian lawyer was practising the gentle art of the antiquary by writing a history of York. This was Sir Thomas Widdrington, a Northumbrian by birth, a barrister of Gray's Inn by training, and Recorder of York by profession. Sir Thomas, in his official capacity, printed an address to Charles I., when the Stuart entered York, and he attended the Council of State which was held in the house of the Speaker to discuss the settlement of the nation after the battle of Worcester. In his leisure time he compiled his "*Analecta Eboracensia*," or, Some Remaynes of the Ancient City of York," and dedicated it to the Municipality; but the Mayor and Aldermen would have none of

it. "For all the monuments of our former state and glory," they wrote him, "we find no warmth or comfort from them; but it seems to add to our unhappiness that our predecessors were so happy." Sir Thomas was exceedingly wroth, and prohibited the publication of his laborious work. The manuscript, after many adventures, came into the British Museum sixteen years ago, and it has been printed for the first time, with notes and corrections, by the Rev. Cesar Cuine for Mr. C. J. Clark, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. It makes a very handsome volume indeed, and in that engrossing field of research which deals with the history of the great provincial towns, it occupies a memorable place.

A survey of the Victorian stage by an outside critic is a safer guide, perhaps, than if the investigator had been an Englishman; but when his critical faculty is so acute as that with which M. Filon has been gifted, his views are of increased interest. M. Filon has indeed written a brilliant book, and, taken all in all, his verdicts are flattering to our national drama, such as that is. No such complete picture of the Victorian stage has been presented, and no more readable survey of a period of the English play has been given to the world. The chapters on Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. William Archer are exceptionally well worth reading.

Mr. H. A. Jones introduces M. Filon in a highly controversial and pugnacious preface. In the same vein he wrote, and has now introduced, "*The Case of Rebellious Susan*." Mr. Jones resents very bitterly—and many think not without cause—the treatment meted out to "Michael and His Lost Angel," and he sees in Mrs. Grundy's elephantine foot cause for deep deprecation. The comedy now published by the Macmillans reads well, and Mr. Jones need not have a poor opinion of himself with his name to such a brilliant bit of work.

In Maeterlinck we come to a Great Misunderstood, whom the lucid power of exposition displayed by Mr. J. W. Mackail does not make quite clear. The truth is, Maeterlinck will always appeal strongly to those who have a soul for the mystical. To everybody else he will be ridiculous. "*Aglavaine and Selysette*" is a philosophical duologue rather than a play, but it is haunting. One or two lapses of English on Mr. Sutro's part—such as "I cannot speak like she does"—jar cruelly in the midst of such rare writing.

Professor Ramsay has won reputé by his researches in Asia Minor, and as his archaeological work took him off the beaten track and brought him into close relations with peoples of whom varying reports—according to the observer's political bias—are given, we have hearty welcome for this record of what he modestly styles "impressions." The book is a valuable addition to knowledge of the congeries of strange races, Greeks, Armenians, Kurds, Turks, and Turkmen, whose centuries of strife are perpetuated by religion and aggravated by misgovernment. Professor Ramsay shares the liking for the Turkish peasant which contact engenders, and he sees in his indolence his doom. But why should the man work beyond daily need, when the tax-gatherer will rob him of his savings, or the Greek or Armenian money-lender lure him to ruin? Then, too, his womenfolk are as beasts of burden, and there is no salvation for a country where the wife is man's slave. And no military action can stave off the inevitable issue of the old conflict between East and West. The Greek will win, for he has energy and the spirit of progress, and the Oriental will, ultimately, be driven to the Euphrates. The Professor testifies that "there has been no exaggeration in the worst accounts of the horrors in Armenia."

If it were only for the references to Princess Victoria's girlhood, the memoir of the daughter of the eminent Wilhelm von Humboldt, and niece of his more famous brother Alexander, would commend itself to English readers. But the book, made up of letters, with explanatory comments and footnotes, is of value as the biography of a woman of unusual gifts, to whom came the advantage of their cultivation by contact with distinguished people. Born in 1802, Frau von Bulow was taken in early life to Rome, where her home was the centre of resort of artists and literati. Goethe, a warm admirer of her mother, passes across the page with many another renowned name. In her nineteenth year Gabriele married the young diplomat who became Prussian Ambassador to England, and who took prominent part in the settlement of the Belgian question on the revolt against the House of Orange in 1830. Hence the interest, in due time, shifts from Rome and Berlin to London, and the letters between husband and wife, whom domestic claims in Prussia often severed, give us peeps into political and social events through otherwise hidden windows. The Ambassador, among other gossip, sends his wife a graphic account of the well-known incident of the rousing of Princess Victoria from her bed to be saluted by Lord Conyngham and Archbishop Howley as Queen of England. "Attired in white wrapper, her hair simply braided, and wearing very pretty slippers," she could only guess what had brought her this surprise from sleep. The several portraits of Frau von Bulow which are added to the volume strengthen the impression of her abilities which the memoir conveys. She died in 1887.

South African troubles, military and political, explain the quick succession of books of which Colonel Plumer's and Mr. Procter are types. The former narrates with fullness of detail the suppression of the Matabele revolt in the spring of last year. The imperfect subduel of the natives in former campaigns, the grievances over the seizure of cattle as war-indemnity, and, finally, the rinderpest, through which the M'limos, or witch-doctors, worked on popular fears, led to a rebellion, as to the complete crushing of which we regret to note that Colonel Plumer cannot speak with confidence. In a final chapter Major Watts describes the operations which led to the defeat of the Mashonas; and a series of maps enables the reader to follow both campaigns with ease. Mr. Procter's aim is to make clear the position of Great Britain in relation to the South African Republic. Starting

with the story of the cession of the Dutch possessions at the Cape to this country in the beginning of the century, he summarises the history of the Transvaal from the trek in 1836, and the events following the annexation in 1877, to the present day, giving in full the texts of the several Conventions whose faithful observance is now matter of debate. If he blushes over the surrender which followed Majuba Hill, and dwells on the defects of the rough, narrow-minded Boer, who, "with the Old Testament as his standard," treated the Kaffirs as the Israelites treated the Canaanites, he has unmeasured censure of Dr. Jameson's raid, as "an impotent and harebrained enterprise," which has "aggravated the situation fiftyfold."

A LITERARY LETTER.

An interesting problem is agitating the book trade at the present moment. The question of threepence in the shilling discount to the public has for many years been one which has caused abundant heartburnings wherever books are sold. The practice, I believe, was started some twenty-five years ago—or more—by two or three enterprising London booksellers, and it has extended to all the more important provincial towns. The result has been disastrous to bookselling in its more picturesque aspect. The discount system only admits of a living profit when it is accompanied by a very considerable trade, and a considerable trade can only be obtained in exceedingly populous districts. "The smaller booksellers in the provinces complain that they have had to betake themselves to fancy stationery, and to what some of them have been inclined to count more or less undignified methods of trade, in order to live. It is said—with what truth I do not know—that the mischief thereby accruing to the higher class of publishers is incalculable. One publisher, whose books are all on high-class academic lines, expresses the hope that the time will speedily come again when really good books can be stocked—as they are not now—by every country bookseller."

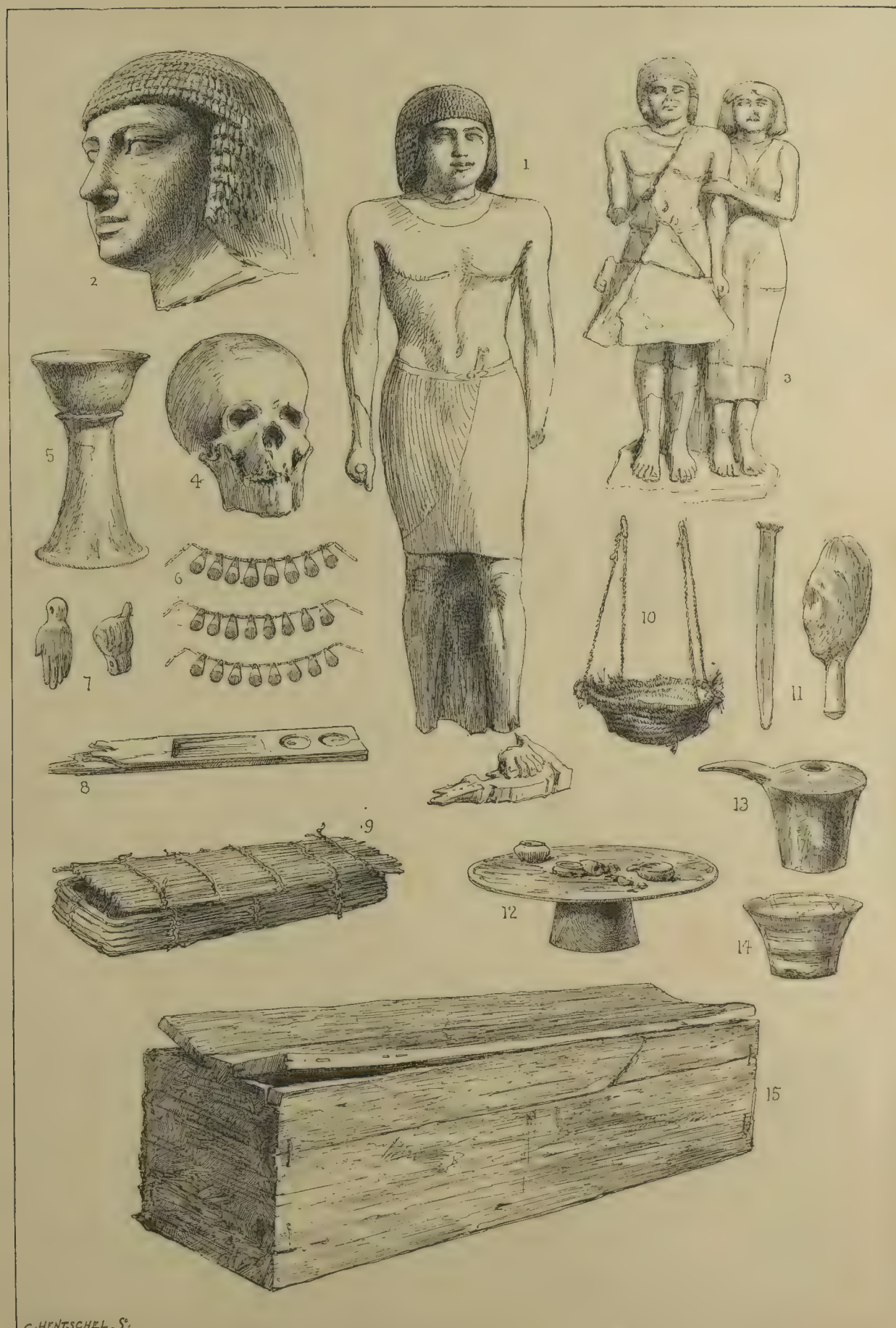
Certain attempts have, indeed, been made periodically to start a net publishing trade, and two or three publishers have been abundantly successful in publishing net books, notably Messrs. Dent and Co. and Mr. John Lane. The net principle, however, has not affected the bulk of the trade, and agitation has now come to a crisis. For many years it was not possible for the booksellers, however well they organised, to do anything, but within the last few months we have seen the advent of a Publishers' Association, and these two organisations, the booksellers and the publishers, are now coming together, and seem to be hopeful of a practical result. They propose to organise in such a form as to restrict the discount upon books to twopence in the shilling. Every bookseller who gave more would be boycotted, I presume, and every publisher who supplied such bookseller would be tabooed by the rest of the publishing and bookselling trade.

I do not in the least believe that this scheme is practicable, although I find nearly all the publishers and nine hundred booksellers out of a possible three thousand are heartily supporting it. The booksellers who are making their income entirely by successful cutting against rivals are not likely to fall in very readily with such a scheme, whatever some of them may say now; and the publishers whose principal business is the production of non-copy-right books will have no interest whatever in entering into the combination. Assuming, however, that all the publishers and all the booksellers can be found to agree—which I contend to be impossible—we then have an interesting example of so-called "fair trade" applied to bookselling. The small country stationer who sells his twenty books a year is to make almost the same rate of profit as the big Manchester salesman who sells his twenty thousand. It is an ideal state, which I can imagine appeals equally to the small grocer and the small cheesemonger in the same town. These also find that the larger retailers are cutting profits too fine.

The question is, however, Will it work, even with copy-right books? I cannot imagine a better opening for a big capitalist with some knowledge of literature than such a scheme would provide. If I read them aright, several of our popular novelists would still be willing to dispose of their copyrights to the highest bidders; and "cash down" would count with them for quite as much as the most honoured names in the publishing world. Once given the publication by some universal provider of a half-dozen of the most popular novels of the season, their distribution is by no means difficult. If a woman wants a copy of "*The Sorrows of Satan*," or "*The Christian*," it is, perhaps, even more convenient for her to buy it of a draper than of a bookseller. The publishers' proposals are clearly not practicable, but it is interesting to note that a committee of the Publishers' Association, composed, presumably, of level-headed men from both political parties, should have given an endorsement to so preposterous an economic fallacy. And fancy clever Mr. William Heinemann telling the publishers that the scheme works perfectly in France and Germany!

Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the "*Dictionary of National Biography*," has issued a circular in which he informs his contributors that the famous Dictionary is now approaching completion. There is every reason to hope, we are told, that the sixtieth volume, which will be published during 1899, will deal with the last name in Z. Contributors are requested, in order to secure this result, to practise the utmost conciseness in the articles that they may yet have to write.

The "*Dictionary of National Biography*" has certainly been a project upon which Mr. George Smith and his associates may be heartily congratulated. There have only been two editors—Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Sidney Lee—and both have displayed abundant ability and abundant good judgment in their selection of contributors. Some of Mr. Leslie Stephen's own contributions have been literary monographs of the most perfect character. There will be more than 30,000 names in the complete series, and I imagine that Mr. Lee will produce an additional volume of omissions. C. K. S.



C. HENTSCHEL S.

1. Statue of Nenkheftka.
2. Portrait of Nenkheftka, a Prince and royal priest.
3. Group of Nenkheftka and his wife Nefersens.
4. Skull of Nenkheftka, son of Nenkheftka.
5. Bowl with pottery stand for food offerings in tomb.

6. Necklaces.
7. Amulets in form of hands.
8. Scribe's palette.
9. Basket of reeds for the funeral provisions.
10. Baskets of palm fibre for carrying earth.

11. Mallet and chisel of wood, used for excavating graves.
12. Table of diorite, from El Kab.
13. Vessel of bronze, from El Kab.
14. Alabaster bowl, from El Kab.
15. One of the coffins from Deshasheh that contained the cut-up bodies.

GREAT PNEUMATIC TYRE COMBINATION.

Readers of these pages have from time to time been kept *au courant* of the progress of the cycle industry and all connected with that striking phase of British commerce. They have learnt how that marvellous trade organisation known as the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company was founded on the most modest and unpretentious lines less than a decade ago; our reporters and artists have personally conducted them over the principal tyre and cycle manufactories in this country, and also in France; our Asmodeus has unroofed the *atelier* and the counting-house, and revealed to the astonished public the secrets of the trade; while quite recently there appeared in these columns the most comprehensive bird's-eye view of the cycle industry that has yet been printed.

To-day there is another chapter to be added to those which have gone before, and we have to chronicle one more remarkable and interesting episode—nothing less than the formation of a sister-company to the renowned "Dunlop"; born of the amalgamation of the leading companies in the Dunlop-Welch tyre trade—namely, the Beeston, the Turner, the Woodley, and the Scott's Standard. A notable amalgamation, this, indeed, and one opening up a golden vista to the investor, inasmuch as the businesses comprised in this great "combine" practically cover the whole of the immense tyre industry holding the licenses of the "Dunlop."

What this grouping of businesses means we will now proceed to show in the briefest possible outline. The reader will doubtless be familiar with the incessant



BEESTON PNEUMATIC TYRE STORES.

that the pneumatic tyre industry was never so feverishly active as now; and, as far as the companies amalgamated are concerned, the gratifying news reaches us that they

the licensed Companies' businesses from the point of view of stopping the present very competitive prices, and also of lessening by three-quarters the cost of organisation, advertising, etc.

writers, whose wailings and lamentations emulate those of Cassandra herself.

Let the subjoined communication from the Beeston Tyre Company speak for itself—

Most remarkable has been this year's increased trade over last, as the following figures will show—

1896	£	s.	d.	1897	£	s.	d.
Jan. 31	7,352	0	4	Jan. 31	28,700	0	0
Feb. 28	10,000	17	2	Feb. 28	32,336	4	8
Mar. 31	14,000	12	3	Mar. 31	33,092	1	8
April 30	18,975	16	0	April 30	45,185	3	11

The balances on the books only are shown above; but the cash sales for each month represent a considerable item in addition. A market premium of 20 per cent. has been obtained, our £1 shares averaging 43.

And here is what the Turner Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, write—

You are aware that we have had a considerable amount of litigation with the Dunlop Company, which was not finally decided in our favour until March last.

Since that time the cycle trade has fully recognised the security of our position and the exceptionally wide powers of our license, as is shown by the immense volume of business that has come to us at this late period of the season. In addition to large contracts we have booked for future delivery, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of a quarter of a million tyres, the trade is placing orders with us for this season's delivery averaging 2500 tyres per week, and our orders are daily on the increase. We consider our prospects most brilliant, apart from any scheme of amalgamation. We, however, fully realise the benefit which will arise from consolidating



CUTTING CANVAS.

litigation which has characterised the cycle and tyre trades during the last year or so. By this amalgamation all fighting in the Courts will cease, to the great benefit of shareholders and everybody else concerned. This, it will be conceded, is no small feat to have accomplished. Equally important is the fact that the combination will put an end to the fierce competition which has hitherto been the rule, while we must not lose sight of the absolute certainty that the present amalgamation puts it in the power of the new company (to be known as "Pneumatic Tyres, Limited") to obtain the highest prices for its productions.

Those connected with this particular industry have all along admitted that, given an efficient organisation of the pneumatic tyre trade, there would be a vast increase of business. We may, therefore, now fairly expect to see this belief practically realised. Many hundreds of thousands of pneumatic tyres are produced by the companies above enumerated; so that, if their weekly output be estimated at 10,000 pairs, at a profit of £1 per pair, the net gain to the new enterprise would be very considerable. Everybody knows the extraordinarily large profits realised by the manufacturers of pneumatic tyres, but probably everyone is not aware of the reasons thereof—namely, the small number of workpeople required to produce the tyres, and the cheapness of the labour.

It will perhaps scarcely be believed that the profits of pneumatic tyre-making reach 100 per cent.; but so it is, and, *malgré* the croakings of the pessimists, shareholders may with confidence look forward to rich returns for their money. Although there is reported to be at the time of writing a "slump" in the cycle trade, it is a fact

are crowded with orders and contracts to an extent that taxes all their resources. So much, then, for the alleged "slump," which exists only in the imagination of certain



WIRING.

Of the Turner Company it may be said that its £1 shares have averaged £3 3s., while those of the Woodley Company now stand at 31s., and Scott's Standards at a small discount, which will probably change to a premium when the news of the amalgamation becomes known. Something like 8000 tyres are said to be the weekly product of the Scott Company, whose issued capital is £200,000. It has made a specialty of low-priced tyres, thus seriously competing with other firms. The Woodley tyre has always been a favourite of the trade; and it is not surprising to hear that it has on order about 90,000 tyres.

As the enterprise now about to be introduced to public notice with a share capital of £1,000,000, supplemented by £300,000 of debentures, will be under the aegis of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company—affiliated thereto, as has been indicated, by sisterly bonds—it would not be unreasonable to predict that "Pneumatic Tyres, Limited," bids fair to prove to be a not much less valuable concern than the parent organisation. The "Dunlop" had fewer advantages to start with than the combined undertaking with which we are now dealing; and see what it has become! There is no reason to doubt that a similar triumph awaits the great tyre "combine."

For some time past, according to the reports of the cycle press, the Beeston Company has been turning out the large number of 2000 tyres per day at the Coventry works. That "Beestons" are very popular in Ireland we gather from the remarks of our Irish contemporaries. It is to be noted that no tools are required to detach these tyres from the rim owing to the fact that the wires at the sides of the cover are of a light gauge, double the



POCKET-MAKING.

quantity being used to maintain the requisite strength, thus enabling the covers to be more easily detached than those with one stout wire. A puncture can be repaired in the shortest conceivable time. The rubber used is of the best quality, a specially manufactured fabric being supplied; and altogether the Beeston puncture-proof tyre may be justly regarded as *nulli secundus*. No tyre has been subjected to more severe tests at the hands of racing men, expert riders, and tourists; it is light, simple of construction, easy to manipulate, fast, and comfortable; and so many noteworthy performances have been accomplished upon it that a page would be hardly sufficient for their due record.

No more important and promising enterprise than this tyre amalgamation has come before the public since the ever-memorable flotation of the "Dunlop" Five Million Company in the spring of 1896. If we would realise the extent of the tyre trade we must know something of the statistics of the cycle industry. The £22,000,000 estimated to be invested in the manufacture up to September of last year may well have increased to £30,000,000, inasmuch as there is ample warrant for asserting that there has been an onward and upward movement in the trade during the last nine months, and that the output of 1897 is likely to be one-third greater than that of 1896. No one can doubt that 1893 was by far the busiest year ever known in the cycle trade. It will probably astonish the reader to learn that the value of the cycles and cycle components exported from the United Kingdom last year amounted to £1,860,972, or nearly half a million in excess of 1895, and more than £660,000 above the exports of 1894. In October the shipments were greater than ever before in a single month—£178,664, more than double those of the same month in 1894; while in the October of 1892 the exports amounted to only £32,000. In December an extraordinary result was obtained, the unprecedented total of exports rising to £212,111. The cycle exports for the week ending April 9 amounted to £17,757, as against £7107 in April 1896. Flushing figures for £3221—not bad for one week; Melbourne, in the same period, £2822; Boulogne, £2410; Cape Town, £1070; Durban, £827; and so on, all over the globe. A crucial test of the increasing prosperity of the British cycle trade is the table of exports, especially remembering the keenness of the Continental competition and the desperate attempts made by the Americans to do a cutting trade on this side of the Atlantic.

It has long been an established fact that the rage for cycling, which now exists all over the world, is mainly attributable to the introduction of the pneumatic tyre. When the ingenious Mr. J. B. Dunlop first tried his invention on his son's bicycle, enthusiast though he was, he could never have imagined, even in his wildest dreams, that the pneumatic tyre would give such an enormous stimulus to the sport of cycling as it has done within the last half-

leap, for they were £149,319. The increase for the following year was not very marked, for the profits only rose to the extent of £8000; but in 1893 they jumped up to £220,000. In 1896 came another wonderful bound. So that in the seven years the trading profits of the Pneumatic Tyre Company (as it was then styled) reached the astounding figure of £947,738, while the profits realised by the extra issues of capital at premiums were £185,227, making a grand total of profit for the period enumerated of £1,134,965.

Such a development as this is probably unparalleled in the history of our commerce. At the time of writing, the balance-sheet and report of the Dunlop Company had not made their appearance, but there is reason to believe that before these lines see the light those documents will have been given to the public. Report says that the financial statement will again disclose a gratifying condition of affairs; if so, the prospects of the amalgamated tyre companies will be roscate indeed, and the demand for shares promises to be most lively. One thing is certain, that the future of the ever-growing cycle trade is dependent to a very large extent upon the increasing popularity of the pneumatic tyre.

As we have already hinted, we may anticipate a considerable advance in the price of these tyres. Cyclists have been amazed, and experts amused, by the bizarre announcement that an English cycle company of high repute has resolved upon reducing its prices for machines to the extent of from 25 to 33 per cent. It is most unlikely that the fatuous example thus set will be imitated. Under any circumstances, the tyre trade cannot possibly suffer by any diminution in the cost of machines; rather would a reduction be beneficial to it, inasmuch as it is fair to conclude that the cheaper the cycle the greater will be the demand for it, and hence the greater the demand for tyres.

It will be seen from what we have said that there is no possibility of a diminution of tyre prices, but that, on the contrary, prices must go up. For a long time the "Dunlop" had the monopoly of the trade, but under the new state of things the amalgamated tyre companies will share in that monopoly. There would, therefore, thus appear to be in the whole industrial world no more advantageous field of investment than this great tyre industry, now about to be so strikingly developed.

We illustrate some of the Beeston Pneumatic Tyre Company's processes of manufacture.



FINISHING BEESTON PNEUMATIC TYRES.

dozen years. The main object of the tyre was the diminution, if not the actual elimination, of vibration, and this desirable end it has achieved.

The popularity of the Dunlop tyre was of slow growth for some little time, its best friends not daring to predict too rosy a future for it. The first year's profits—those for the twelve months ending in 1890—were £2690. By the termination of the next year—1891—they had risen to £21,974; and they more than doubled themselves in 1892 with £48,555. In 1893 the net gains took an extraordinary



THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S STEAM-SHIP "ROEBUCK."

NEW DAY SERVICE TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Since it acquired the service to the Channel Islands, less than a decade ago, the Great Western Railway Company has made one addition after another to the facilities for passenger and other traffic over the by no means unimportant Weymouth and Channel Islands route, but it has been reserved for this year of Jubilee to witness the inauguration of a most convenient new daylight service to Guernsey and Jersey. On July 1 the company's new steam-ship *Roebuck* made her first trip from Weymouth to Jersey, halting at Guernsey *en route*, in five hours and seven minutes, the shortest time in which the voyage has ever been accomplished. The train service from Paddington has been adapted to suit the boat service with such exactitude that travellers to the Channel Islands may now leave Paddington at 8.50 a.m. and reach Weymouth in time to depart by the 1.30 boat, which is due at Guernsey about five o'clock, and at Jersey about seven. The return journey may be accomplished with equal convenience by leaving Jersey at 8.30 a.m., Guernsey at 10 a.m., and reaching Paddington by special boat train about 7.15 in the evening. The night service (leaving Paddington at 9.45 p.m.) does not attain to quite the same despatch as yet, but will be found much improved in convenience. The ordinary express service of the company connects most of the stations on its line with the Channel Islands boat

service, and from the principal stations weekly excursion tickets are issued. Attractive "circular tours" to Jersey, and thence to Gorey, Carteret, and on by the West of France Railway either to Paris or through Normandy, returning via Newhaven, are also arranged.

The company's new twin-screw steamer *Roebuck*, built by the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, Barrow-in-Furness, is 280 ft. in length by 34 ft. 4 in. in breadth, and her gross tonnage is 1300. The vessel is built of steel to Lloyd's highest class for Channel purposes, and attains a speed of 20½ knots per hour. She is certified by the Board of Trade to carry 842 passengers. She has three complete decks—lower, main, and promenade. The first-class accommodation is fitted amidships, forward of the boilers, and provides berths for 150 passengers. On the promenade deck, in a large steel house, are the ladies' sitting-room, smoke-room, and first-class entrance, with broad staircase descending to the dining-saloon and ladies' retiring-room on the main deck, and to the state-rooms, gentlemen's and ladies' sleeping-cabins on the lower deck. The dining-saloon is a large and spacious compartment, capable of dining about fifty persons comfortably.

The Great Western Company's fleet engaged in the Channel Islands service now numbers six vessels—namely, *Roebuck* and the sister-ship *Reindeer*, *Iber*, *Antelope*, *Gazelle*, and *Lynx*.



THE SALOON OF THE STEAM-SHIP "ROEBUCK."

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Just for the moment we are abandoning the diaphanous delights of muslin frocks in favour of the more solid attractions of serge—the joys of Henley having made such materials the more desirable; and as the most popular style of bodice is decidedly modelled on the sailor blouse there is an appropriate fitness, or, rather want of fitness, about our modes of the moment. It is strange this fancy we have for a bodice which overhangs the belt at the back and the front. I know I have mentioned it before, but really it seems to have taken so strong a hold upon our



A HENLEY COSTUME.

tastes that it deserves more than one comment. The serge dresses seem to be one and all made in this style, supplied with sailor collars or fastening up to the neck with a stock collar and necktie. A remarkably pretty specimen of a boating dress I saw the other day at Redfern's made of piqué in this fashion, a large collar of hemstitched lawn turning down round the shoulders disappearing at the waist of the bodice overhanging a belt of white leather. Hemstitched lawn filled up the hiatus produced by the shape of the collar, and the frock was most properly completed by a sailor hat of Panama trimmed with two shades of green ribbon, a fold of white ribbon and a bunch of white speckled quills. Blue serge is undoubtedly more popular than red serge, and the white flannel with the narrow black line in it offers itself as an attractive alternative to either. A pretty fashion of making shirts, and one which looks exceedingly well in combination with the reefer coat, is to cut the neckband a little low, and complete it with a large turn-down white linen collar, with a sailor knot tied beneath it. This I have seen achieve success on mauve shirts and on blue shirts worn with reefer coats and plain skirts, and if the outlines of the proposed wearer can submit to the ordeal of the hard sailor hat trimmed with the black ribbon, with the yacht flag embroidered on the front, this puts a most effective finishing touch to such a dress. It is not every woman who can wear a sailor-hat of the simplest description, and this year, Fashion, having amiably recognised such deficiency, is smiling her hardest on the sailor shape trimmed with ribbons and quills, flowers and foliage. Yesterday I met a pale mauve straw sailor hat most effectively trimmed with mauve glacé ribbons and two round bunches of pink rosebuds, and there are dozens of pale pink and pale green sailor hats in the market trimmed with a twist of glacé ribbon and a bunch of waving quills.

There are one or two novelties in shirts besides the introduction of the turn-down collar and the loose bow to which I have alluded, and these, by the way, we really owe to the French cyclists, who having discovered that it is exceedingly trying to cycle in a tight-fitting collar, thus successfully solved the problem of comfort and elegance. Of the more fanciful varieties of shirts many are made of fine cambric striped with coloured lines, upon which little bouquets of flowers disport themselves; imitations of what we know as Dresden china patterns have been transferred to muslin to make delightful shirts, and these,

if worn with the stock collar, are usually to be found completed with a necktie of the same muslin as the shirt. Elaborate shirts are made of the finest lawn tucked and striped with insertions of lace, the sleeves of these being of the Bishop order, but very limited in fullness, and gathered into cuffs of the lace set transparently, the collar-band being also of lace unlined, and forming a resting-place for the string of pearls, without which fashionable life is not possible just now. Such shirts as these are made in white with the lace real, or in plain coloured batiste of mauve or pink they are also acceptable. They need a tight lining, for they are fashioned almost without shape, invariably fastening down the back. A pretty costume for the river consists of one of these shirts in mauve worn with a skirt of white cloth, linen, or alpaca, and crowned with a pale mauve hat trimmed at one side with a monster clump of Parma violets and green leaves. A mauve silk parasol is essential to the effect, which it may be relied upon to do duty decoratively. Yet two more methods of making a shirt must I mention before I leave the fascinating subject, and these come to us from Paris again: the one shows a loose blouse bodice of fine-printed lawn, the neck finished with a large sailor collar turning down round the shoulders, tied with a lawn bow, and edged with little frills put on with a beading bordered with narrow Valenciennes. This collar, with its frills, disappears into the waist, and the sleeves are rather full, gathered into cuffs, which turn back from the wrist and are frilled again. The other shirt, and this is an expensive luxury, is of linen batiste, fastening down one side and hand-embroidered in fine white cotton edged with a beading and a narrow row of Valenciennes lace; embroidery puts in its appearance on the collar-band and the cuffs, and every seam is decorated with a little insertion of beading. Again, these shirts require a tight lining beneath them, but this may be made either of muslin or of fine glacé silk, but should, under all circumstances, be cut so that they fit the figure, for on them depends the proper conduct of the shirt.

And, as usual, I have left to the last my most pleasing duty of recording the details of those dresses sketched. The one is of serge braided with straight and twirled lines, and could be worn over an ordinary shirt as well as over the lace vest designed to do it honour. It is a pretty model this; either in pale grey braided in white, in blue serge braided in black, or in white serge braided in black, it is worthy to attend any water festival. The other dress illustrated is of striped cambric in lavender and white, with the yoke tucked across and buttoned with white pearl buttons, lace ruffles softly falling from this to the waist. Hyacinth blue glacé silk is folded round the neck and the waist, and on the hem of the skirt the tucks appear again.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

It is good to note that in the accounts received of the melancholy loss of the P. and O. steamer *Aden*, it is recorded that the passengers behaved splendidly, especially the ladies. This is not an extraordinary record, very far from it, but it is always a glad one. Fortitude is the feminine form of courage. The ladies remaining on board the ship at all seems to have been so far an act of heroism that all those who were on the wreck without their husbands were taken off in the boat which unhappily appears to have been undoubtedly lost, but in which, of course, it was supposed there would be greater safety; but the married women whose husbands were there remained on board the *Aden* to take their chance together.

Madame Nordica, whose exquisite voice has endeared her to thousands almost as much as her charming and sweet personality does to her private friends, has been most seriously ill. She recently married again, after several years of doubtful widowhood—her first husband having gone up in a balloon to make experiments in aerial steering across the Channel, and never been heard of again. Though there was little doubt of his death years ago, the Courts have only lately dealt with his property, and the gentle and lovable singer has not felt at liberty to remarry till now. This terrible illness, so soon after, must win for her universal sympathy.

Lady Aberdeen has returned home for a holiday, and is at once undertaking work for the many causes in which she has a benevolent interest. She presided in Cork over a meeting of the Irish Industries Association, which she founded when Vicereine, for the benefit of the peasants, and she is to take part in a forthcoming meeting of the Women Guardians' Association.

Chess experts are pleased with the "form" of the ladies who have played in the recent "International" contest. The *Times* observed that, "if the games lack the force of the leading players, the play reaches a far higher standard than might at first be imagined." Though chess has been supposed to be one of the numerous matters out of the reach of women, there have been some very distinguished lady players; one, Mrs. Baird, has frequently contributed problems to the columns of *The Illustrated London News*, a position of well-recognised importance. The first prize-winner in the international contest was Miss Rudge, whose good style and adhesion to strict law made her a favourite from the first, and who won eighteen and drew the other of her nineteen games.

It affords the opponents of Women's Suffrage much amusement that the third reading of the Bill for the *Enfranchisement of Women* was crowded out on July 7 by the deliberate protracting of the debate on another little Bill, the object of which was to allow local authorities to provide means for cleansing the persons and clothes of the outcast poor from vermin.

Miss May Abraham, the first woman "Superintendent Inspector of Factories," married, about a year ago,

Mr. Tennant, the brother of Mrs. Asquith. It is now announced that she has resigned her appointment, and, at the same time, it is understood that Sir Matthew Ridley is hesitating about appointing another woman to this higher post, in Mrs. Tennant's place. The Women's Provident League has addressed a memorial to him pointing out that Mrs. Tennant has performed her duties so admirably, and has so effectively proved that women are wanted to detect and amend sanitary faults and other injurious matters in connection with factories where females are employed, that it is very desirable to appoint at once a substitute for the retiring inspectress.

Messrs. Walpole Brothers, Limited, of 89, New Bond Street, and 102, Kensington High Street, are holding their usual stock-taking sale during the whole of the present month, and offer a large variety of goods in table and house linens, cambric handkerchiefs, laces and ladies' under-clothing, at a very great reduction in price. Their own make of table linen is famous for its excellence and its wearing qualities, and, in order to clear off the stock, they offer it during this sale at the lowest wholesale Belfast prices. This firm have introduced a special pattern in table-linen in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee which may be commended to the notice of our numerous Colonial visitors as one of the most pleasing and lasting memorials that they can take home of the great occasion on which they have visited the mother-land. There are two patterns; one, which is very elaborate, has for the centre the national flowers entwined around a bust of her Majesty, and the dates of accession and the present year; and the emblems of the chief orders of knighthood, with the royal arms on an escutcheon, are introduced amidst the flowers round the border at intervals. The other has a very well done portrait of the Queen for the centre; and all around the bust are scintillating points of great diamonds. This cloth has a double border; the inner one, which goes on the table, being a very light and elegant one of the heraldic single rose, shamrock, and thistle, while the deeper border hanging down round the table is a very handsome ribbon scroll. This is a most effective table-cloth, quite apart from the association which it has with the present occasion. Messrs. Walpole have an immense variety of patterns, and also make a speciality of weaving tablecloths and serviettes to order, introducing in the fabric the monogram or coat-of-arms of the owner, or for yachts the name of the vessel, or any such special mark.

Mr. R. H. Bath, of the Floral Farm, Wisbeach, has sent me a specimen box of the cut flowers which he supplies by post for home decoration. The box sent by Mr. Bath is a half-crown one, and contains a far better assorted and larger quantity of flowers than could be obtained by purchase in any ordinary shop or in Covent Garden. A number of beautiful roses of the superior varieties were included, together with lilies, petunias, peonies, geraniums,



A RIVER FROCK.

and many other good kinds of flowers, together with grasses and ferns. Mr. Bath makes a speciality of sending such boxes regularly on order, or for particular occasions, and has three prices for different sizes, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. His floral farms are said to be very extensive, and he hopes to prove that the large importation of cut flowers from the Continent is quite needless. His season commences early in March and continues till October. F. F. M.

MODES A LA MODE.

Among people of fashion, if the question were put where to find, without chance of disappointment, modes à la mode, the response would be unquestionably, "Viot," for the simple reason that the Maison Viot is the *fons et origo* of Paris modes; thither it is that la crème de la crème not only of Parisian society, but of the whole world, resorts for its headgear. There is no need to say who or what is Viot; it would be safe to lay long odds that out of every hundred ladies of fashion, ninety, if offered a present of a smart hat and *carte blanche* as to where to get it, would, without hesitation, select Viot's. Perhaps the secret of the charm which Viot's creations carry with them is that they do not

everything, most becoming to the ladies who wear them.

This is the class of business out of which fortunes are made. Madame Viot made a large one, and wise woman as she was financially, as well as in her spécialité, retired to spend the rest of her life in ease and affluence. Her successors in the business made it prosper even more than she did as the founder of it. One of them died not long ago, and thus the opportunity arose for the public to come in and participate in one of those money-making concerns which so rarely are available for joint stock co-operation. The opportunity was taken advantage of by a past-master in the art of knowing when a thing is good, and how to dress it for the benefit of investors. Mr. William

invested, and still leaving a surplus net income of £14,140.

This surplus is more than sufficient to pay dividends of no less than 15 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, and yet leave a considerable surplus. The net profits for the last ten years have amounted to the immense sum of £225,408 sterling. These figures are verified and certified by first-class English Chartered Accountants who have examined the books of the concern. The continuation of the great success of the business is assured by the retention of the manageresses who have so satisfactorily conducted it for many years; while two circumstances point to a large increase in net profits in the future—namely, that the number of customers will be



PARIS FASHIONS AT THE SEASIDE, WITH HATS BY VIOT.

aim at singularly startling effect, as is apparently the object of some modistes, who produce hats remarkable only for making their wearers conspicuous, regardless of all the rules of art. Viot refuses, on the other hand (as Shakespeare hath it), "to change true rules for odd inventions." Hence the permanency and durability of the favour which Viot maintains, and must maintain, in the fashionable world, constantly producing novel and original designs, but all of them remarkable ever for their accordance with the true rules of good taste, and not for oddity of invention. Look, for example, at the illustrations of hats which appear in ladies' papers whenever the newest fashions in hats are inserted. Where do we find they are produced? Almost invariably, Viot. "Hats and Capotes from Viot" is the legend appended to nearly every fashion-plate. The illustration of Viot hats which now appears in our columns is a sample of what is found everywhere—distinguished, one and all, for their exquisite taste, novelty and beauty of design, excellence of material and workmanship, and, above

Mendel (Andre, Mendel and Co.), under whose auspices most of the highly successful industrial concerns of the day have been introduced—to wit, Harrod's Stores, D. H. Evans and Co., Pullman's, Crisp, Paquin, Roberts' Stores and others. Hence we have "Maison Viot, Limited," the prospectus of which is now being circulated. The capital of the company is £210,000, in 28,000 cumulative six per cent. preference shares of £5 each, and 70,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, entitled to all the net profits after payment of the six per cent. dividends on the preference shares, which have priority of everything, there being no debentures or prior charges. The soundness of an investment in either class of shares is proved by the fact that the actual net profits of the business average no less than £22,540 per annum. Of this, £8400 per annum will go first in payment of the cumulative six per cent. dividend on the preference shares, which thus become an absolutely safe investment, yielding at the same time no less than six per cent. per annum on the amount

considerably added to by the admission of a large body of shareholders, and next that the great Exhibition to be held in Paris in 1900 must necessarily materially increase the business, with corresponding profits, as was the case at the time of the last Paris Exhibition.

Further, the maintenance of the business is again assured by the character and business capacity of the directorate, comprising as it does not only members of the Upper Ten Thousand in the persons of the Earl of Warwick and Mr. von Andre, but also first-class business men, such as Mr. Alderman Treloar, M. Bernhard, a Paris banker, and Mr. Jackson, who is on the boards of some of the best dividend-paying industrial undertakings of the day. Everything, therefore, points not only to the present profits being maintained, with every prospect of a further increase in the future, which means that investors will not only have a safe and good return on their investments, but every prospect of their shares standing at a good premium in the near future.

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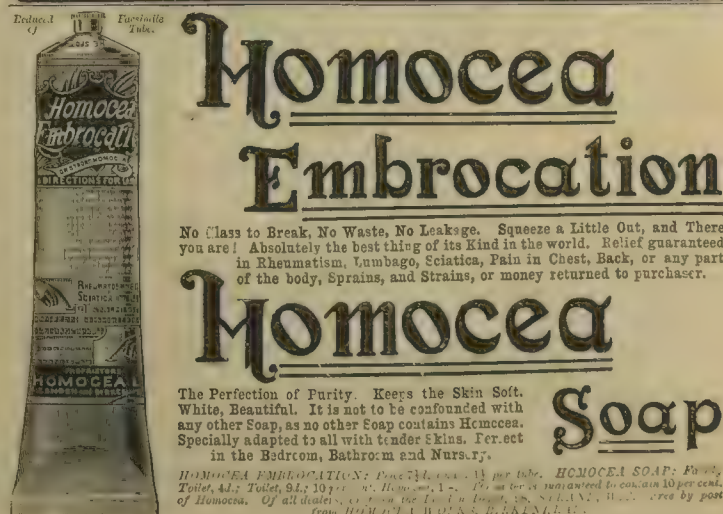
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Mary Galloway, has had provision made for her in his lifetime.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1892), with a codicil (dated June 19, 1893), of Mr. Frederick Ford, of 180, Cromwell Road, who died on May 3, was proved on June 29 by Mrs. Maria Elizabeth Ford, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £43,062. The testator gives £300 and all his household effects, pictures and plate, to his wife, and £200 to his brother George Edward Ford. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then equally between all his children.

The will (dated April 17, 1888) of Mr. Frederick Kruckenberg, Registrar of the Wakefield District Registry, of Mount View, Hollar Lane, Far Headingley, Leeds, who died on April 22, has been proved by the Rev. Frederick Thomas Kruckenberg, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £14,326. The testator gives all his property to his son absolutely.

The will and two codicils of Dame Sarah White, of 137, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, widow, who died on March 12, were proved on June 28 by Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., and Charles Robert French, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7,779.

The will of Mr. Thomas Heaton Akroyd, of Oakbridge House, Ilkley, Yorkshire, and formerly of St. Phillips

Road, Surbiton, who died on April 28, was proved on June 29 by Mrs. Eliza Ann Akroyd, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £4138.

The will of Mr. Peter Kerslake Seddon, J.P., of Wootton House, Gloucester, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on July 1 by Edward Samuel Seddon, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3606.

The will of Mr. William Sacheverell Coke, J.P., D.L., of Brookhill Hall, Alfreton, Derby, who died on March 4, 1896, was proved on July 2 by William Langton Coke, the son, the value of the personal estate being £2606.

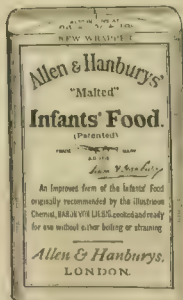
The North Eastern Railway Company has issued a neat guide containing particulars of hotels, and farmhouse, sea-side and country lodgings to be obtained during the holiday season, in Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Yorkshire. The book contains a large map and a capital introduction describing the principal tourist resorts served by the North Eastern Railway Company, which include the Yorkshire dales and moors, the Yorkshire and Northumberland coast, Roman Wall District, the Scottish Borderland, and the Lake District. This useful guide may be obtained post free, 2d., from the superintendent of the line, North Eastern Railway, York.

NATURE IN JULY.

July brings those days of trying heat called by the Romans *caniculares dies*—the dog-days. Their theory was that Sirius, the dog-star, rising with the sun, combined its rays with that of the latter, and thus made the temperature more intolerable. Be that as it may, the heat is with us, driving us to baths, and drinks, and slender attire, and a desire to escape from the stifling of the town to encounter a breath from the moors or the sea.

As we pass our eyes over the country we see the hay almost everywhere gathered into cocks, and ready, or nearly so, for leading safely home—the lumbering wains probably bearing some of it along the road, and the stacks gradually rising in the yards. The pastures and foliage are beginning to brown. The many expanses of sturdy wheat, silken barley, and shimmering oats, over which flocks of small birds hold jubilee, are now fast ripening for the reaper. The potatoes and kidney-beans are just in flower. The tree-fruits are filling out in the orchards, the hips and the haws and the other berries are swelling on the hedges and the moorlands. The black, red, and white currants, the raspberries, and the gooseberries are mellowing in the gardens, while the brambles and the elderberries, the nuts and the crab-apples are forming in the country. The yellow stretches of mustard and the scarlet of the poppies lend unusual brilliance to the landscapes, and patches of golden

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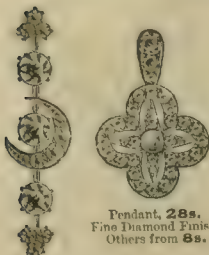
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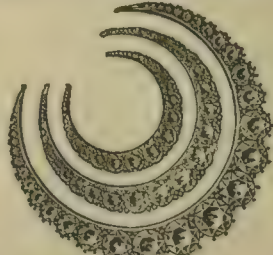


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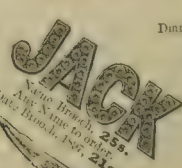
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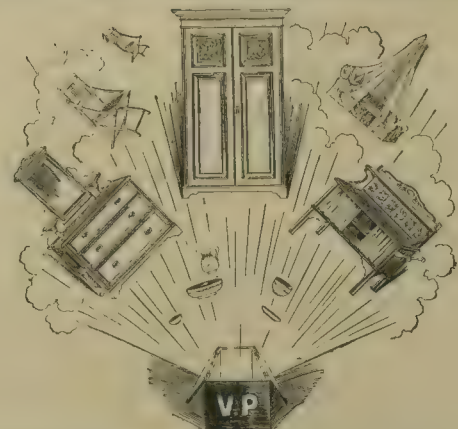
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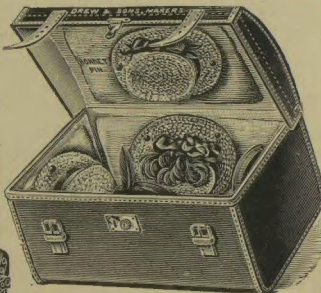
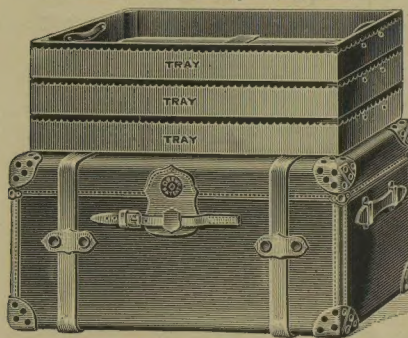
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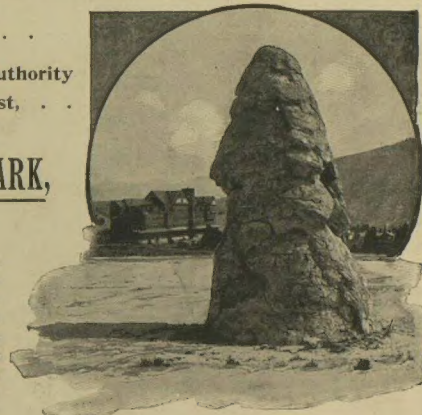
In 1894, said:

"The wonders of the Yellowstone Park are beyond my power to describe. They must be seen to be realized, and everybody ought to see them. What interested me most were the geysers [we fortunately saw Grotto and Castle at work] and the Grand Cañon. They are so different I can hardly choose between the two. Indeed, one of the features of the park is that you come across totally different scenery and totally different natural marvels each day."

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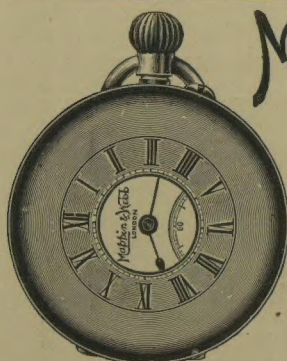
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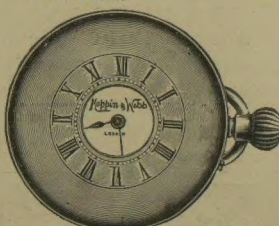
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bedstraw have sprung up here and there on the banks and in the pastures. By the roadsides the mallow and the silver-weed are almost everywhere prominent. The St. John's wort is displaying its yellow petals in the woods and the shady lanes, the yarrow, the "kecksies," the burdocks, and the ox-eyed daisies stand aloft in the fields. The graceful wild-hobnobe may be seen in places beautifying the hedgerows. In front of some of the village homesteads may be seen the purple clematis, or the canary creeper, the white jessamine, or the flowering pen, or perchance a well-trained vine with its tapering little bunches of green beads. In their gardens are dahlias and hollyhocks, tiger-lilies, and the great mullein, with probably a few sunflowers standing like overgrown girls.

The laburnums hang out their pods, and the winged seeds of the sycamore, elm, birch, and ash may be seen lying about on the ground for some distance around the parent trees, from which the wind has wafted them.

But the brook calls for our attention this month, as it is now at its best. It is populated by masses of tall flags and reeds, and the dark, handsome heads of the bulrushes are gently swaying to and fro. The large, flat leaves of the water-lily, which came to the surface in April, now have above them their yellow or white globes of blossom. The characteristic leaves of the arrowhead are also accompanied by their three-petalled white flowers. The clusters of pink blooms standing high above the water are those of the flowering rush, and the frail-looking white blossom peeping above the bronzed, kidney-shaped leaves on the surface are those of the frogbit. Then there is the brooklime, sometimes mistaken for the forget-me-not; and the watercress, with its white, cross-shaped blooms. Among the sword-blades of the flags the flame-like blossoms of the iris are

conspicuous, and the brown panicles of the rushes show up warmly against the clumps of green stems. Along the banks, among the rough, rank grass and sedges, may be seen probably the large leaves of the butterbur, the fragrant meadow-sweet, the water avens, the water scorpion grass, which the legend makes the forget-me-not, the willow herb, the purple loosestrife, ragged robins, mares-tails, horsetails, water plantains, and some of the meadow flowers that love damp situations. Gorgeous dragon-flies sail over the surface in the sunlight with their gauze-like wings, and the swallows sweep past among the myriad insects. Now and again we are reminded of the life below, as a fish rises to the surface and makes ever-widening circles, while here and there perhaps a fisherman is silently waiting for the perch, or roach, or chub, or bream, or dace, or eel, or pike, for which he may be angling.

The pools are covered with duck-weeds and pond-weeds, and are veritable storehouses just now for the exploring naturalist.

Among the high reeds on the ponds and the marshes, the heron, the coot, the tern, and the other wildfowl are busy, like the land birds, with their young.

It is possible that you may come across a common lizard or a sand-lizard basking in the sun, or a grass-snake gliding across your path. The viper, fortunately, is very retiring; but that curious reptile the blindworm—anything but blind—may be sometimes observed gliding through the herbage, and will leave you its tail if you succeed in seizing it by that appendage. In the warm evening twilight, the bats with their irregular flight come forth and join the swallows in their quest for insects, and during the night the hedgehogs are running about with their comical

looking youngsters. After showers the frogs and the toads may be seen loping about in abundance.

Small rabbits may still be seen sitting pertly above their burrows, and turning what appear to be lightning somersaults into them on the approach of danger. It is quite interesting to watch them with the older ones out on their feeding-grounds in the evening, and to see the hares scampering across the open from the hedgerows, where they have been lurking till the twilight should give them courage.

In the daytime the cattle seek the streams or the shadowy trees. The heat is oppressive. Sitting on a grassy bank in the sun, if we can bear the scorching, we find the heat has brought into activity a world of smaller life than we can see. There is one universal stir, and Nature seems full of invisible buzz and hum. The grass-hopper leaps, the ants run, the gnats whirl, and there are insects galloping everywhere. But the larger forms of life appear to be somewhat weary with the sultriness—

Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes;

while—

There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
But very lazily flieeth he;
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
And scarcely ruffles his little throat.

Then from the electric accumulation comes over all an ominous silence, clouds gather, a sudden flash illumines the blackness, crash comes the reverberating thunder, big rain-drops fall on the parched earth, and the reiterating storm passes along the valley. But by and by we have a delicious sweetness and calm that atones for the inconvenience and the uproar.

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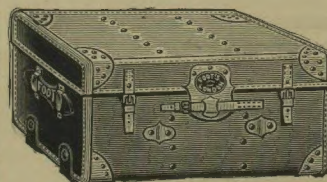
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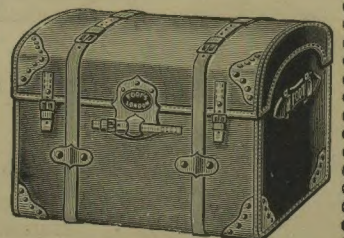
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MISCELLANEOUS.

In connection with the Brussels Exhibition and the popular Belgian and Swiss tours via Harwich and Antwerp, the Great Eastern Railway have transferred two of their new steamers, which have hitherto run on the Hook of Holland service, to the Antwerp service. These or other vessels will be run, from July 4 to Sept. 12 inclusive, on Sundays as well as weekdays. Passengers will now be able to leave London on the Saturday night, and the North and Midlands in the afternoon, reach Brussels next morning by train running from alongside the steamer, and return on the Sunday evening, reaching town first thing Monday morning.

Mr. Buxton Knight holds a somewhat enviable and wholly distinct place among modern landscapists, and if he is not popular with the multitude, it is because he disdains, sometimes too obviously, to adapt his art to public taste.

MARRIAGE.

On April 14, at St. George's Cathedral, Perth, Western Australia, by the Bishop of Perth, Lionel Slade, son of Colonel Charles D'Oyly Fortescue, to Adelle Louisa, daughter of the late Archibald F. Burt, late Attorney-General of Grenada, West Indies.

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The popular service of steamers plying between Oxford and Kingston will continue until Oct. 2. The boats leave Oxford for Kingston and Kingston for Oxford every weekday, stay at Henley for the night, and complete the journey on the second day. A special steamer also runs from

Windsor to Henley and back every week-day, leaving Windsor at 9.30 a.m., and returning from Henley at 3.5 p.m. The facilities for making this trip have been very greatly increased by the arrangements made by the Great Western and London and South Western Railways in connection with the steamers, by the issue of tickets for circular trips by steamer and rail. By this means a great variety of day and half-day excursions may be made over different sections of the river, as well as trips of longer duration. Circular tickets are issued at Paddington, Birmingham, Leamington, Banbury, Worcester, Cheltenham, Bath, Bristol, Oxford, Reading, Windsor, and other G.W.R. Stations; also at Waterloo, Richmond, and Kingston L. and S.W.R. Stations. The proprietors are Messrs. Salter Brothers, Oxford; and the London agents, Thames Boating Agency, 2, Haymarket; and Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus and Gracechurch Street.

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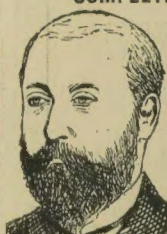
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